

The

TATLER

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London, January 21, 1931

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The TATTLER

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Yevonde, Victoria Street

THE HON. MRS. JOHN BTHELL AND MISS MARJORIE CONOLLY, HER SISTER

The two elder daughters of the Hon. Sir James Conolly and Lady Conolly. Miss Marjorie Conolly is to be married to Mr. Alexander McKechnie at the Brompton Oratory on February 10. The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell is the eldest daughter, and was married in 1927 to the Hon. John Bethell, the elder son and heir of Lord Bethell. Sir James Conolly has had a distinguished political career in Western Australia, has been a Member of the Cabinet, and also Agent-General for Western Australia in London, and Agent-General for Malta since 1929. In 1903 Sir James Conolly was attracted by the rich gold discoveries in Coolgardie, and afterwards engaged in gold-mining and contracting business in Perth and other places in Western Australia



WITH THE BELVOIR: LADY BARBARA SEYMOUR AND LADY RAVENSDALE

On the Three Queens day, near Grantham, one of the first possible after a hold-up of about a week. Lady Barbara Seymour is a sister of the late Lord Lathom. Lady Ravensdale recently broadcasted a most interesting description of her experiences at the coronation of Ras Tafari, King of Abyssinia; a thrilling adventure

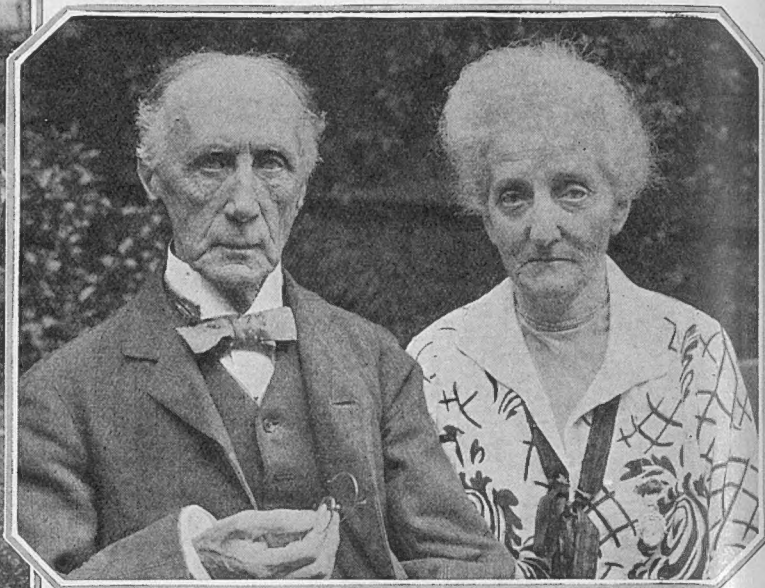
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

YOU poor thing. A peroration dealing practically entirely with dancing activities is in store for you. Can you bear it? I thought not, but it can't be helped, so insistently does Terpsichore demand attention at this time of year.

Everyone exhibited exceptional staying powers when the O.U.D.S. gave a dance at the Savoy, and this was not surprising for the party was a terrifically successful one, lasting far into the night. Diverting Douglas Byng was one of its features, his generous supply of heliotropical songs gaining great approbation. Frocks were marvellous, inclination towards the orchidaceous and diamondiferous being very marked. This Victorian revival of baroque has its points in making a party dazzling. Diamonds certainly seem to add sparkle to conversation.

Among the goodly company were several stage celebrities who have played with the O.U.D.S.

The Letters of Eve



SIR HENRY AND LADY DICKENS

Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, who celebrated his eighty-second birthday last week, is the only surviving son of Charles Dickens, the famous novelist. He has been Recorder of Deal and also Maidstone, and Common Sergeant of the City of London since 1917. Sir Henry was called to the Bar in 1873



MR. BOBBY LOWENSTEIN, MISS MARJORIE LEIGH, AND MISS ULRICA THYNNE

Who were also with the Belvoir at Three Queens. Mr. Lowenstein is the son of the late Mr. Lowenstein whose tragic death was so much regretted in Leicestershire hunting circles where he was well known. Miss Leigh is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Leigh, and Miss Ulrica Thynne is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne and a relative of Lady Nunburnholme, the youngest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath's daughters

in former times, notably Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. Mr. Charles Morgan, who, as you will doubtless remember, wrote that superb book, "Portrait in a Mirror," came with a big party, one of its ingredients being a young gentleman from Oxford, whom feminine eyes found very good-looking indeed.

* * *

Miss Ethel Mannin had an undoubted success, but it was impossible to discover whether her mood that night was concerned with impressing or confessing. Probably neither, for she was kept busy acknowledging congratulations on her new book, "Ragged Banners." Mrs. Claude Beddington, whom I saw sitting at supper with the Yuvarajah of Mysore, wore a rather fascinating kind of oriental cap with a trellis work effect in front.

Another interesting couple consisted of Mr. Alan Howland, an ex-President of the O.U.D.S., and his wife, whose floreate frock with its short coatee more than made up for the fact that she wore no jewels at all.

The next expression of Oxford's dramatic talent occurs in February, and should be very interesting, as James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan* is to be given. Considering the success it had in London it is rather curious that the author was apparently somewhat undecided about this play, judging from the book of letters and memoirs published by his wife.

That late arrival, *The Song of the Drum*, was worth waiting for and its première provided a most satisfactory spectacle. The settings are really glorious. They are the work of Ernst Stern, the only foreign finger in this all British pie, unless one includes the camel, which, with dogs, hens, a pony, donkeys, and a rather piteous little goat, features in the bazaar scene.

Among the good jests Bobbie Howes makes a memorable one when he introduces a Russianized Peter Haddon as "the man who rowed stroke in the Volga boat."

Sir Henry Lytton's wife had a particular interest in the production, its leading players, Helen Gilliland and Derek Oldham, both having graduated with honours in Gilbert and Sullivan. Miss Gilliland has been acting in America for the past two years or so, but was lured home by means of a cable signed "Butt," for the special benefit of Drury Lane. Miss Winnie Melville, in a box filled with friends and relations, was enjoying the applause which constantly came her husband's

way, and the striking figure of Lady Juliet Duff could not fail to catch the eye.

* *

My Welsh sleuth's report of the Glamorgan Hunt Club Ball is full of superlatives: the greatest possible fun; tremendously energetic dancing; Newman's Band at its best; marvellously pretty girls; everything



Miss Compton Collier

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

An attractive picture taken at Mellerstam some little time ago. Lord and Lady Haddington are at present in Leicestershire, near Lubenham, hunting with the Fernie. Lady Haddington was formerly Miss Sarah Cook, and is a sister of Lady Minto

wonderfully done; and the most superb series of hot dishes, ranging from devilled bones to kippers, to give fresh heart to the wilting at one a.m. The weather did its best to be a wet blanket, but only succeeded in a climatic sense, for though frozen and fog-bound parties kept on arriving up to all hours, they showed no signs of depression.

There was only a sprinkling of the stranger element, so prevalent at most sporting prancing parties nowadays, and this "made it seem much more like the real thing, if you know what I mean?" (Do we?) Quips and greetings were relayed in every direction,

the Master, Mr. R. H. Williams, and his wife having constantly to tune in to them. Mrs. Williams wore a pastel blue frock, and Lady Cory was in blue, too, but of a more regal shade. She had Miss Lorraine Berry among her party, and another bright local light was Miss Mary Traherne. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Byass, Major and Mrs. Lyttelton, Miss Etta Booker, Major and Mrs. David, and Colonel and Mrs. Bruce all contributed

good cheer, and Miss Jane Bruce, who had an ivory velvet coat over her white frock, fulfilled expectations by looking lovely.

* * *

Scotland does not mean to be behind the times in the matter of Hunt Balls, as good samples of these annual outbursts have been found the other

side of the Border as ever England can produce. That of the Berwickshire occurred at Manderston, with Lady Miller's permission and connivance. Quite the most superior place for the purpose, the two drawing-rooms danced in being adequate for the number of people, enough to make it go without hindrance from a crowd. The walls of these are decorated in the grander style, embossed velvet being the material.

The house itself was built by the Adam Brothers in their most magnificent manner. Whether these architects would have approved of the pseudo flowers combining with real hyacinths for the purpose of decoration is questionable, but so good was the artifice that only the closest inspection could discover it. Those who considered the holly was also mock got a shock when ignoring its pricking possibilities.

* * *

The drawing-room bow window formed a dais from which the well-bred fun below could be and was observed. Most of the company seemed to be in black, white, or red—very favourable to scarlet coats. That black is most successful for either fair or dark people was proved

again by fair Miss Baird of Lennoxlove and dark Miss Wishart Thomson.

Lady Angela Scott was one of the all-white team; her blue and white necklace was a happy addition. Miss Jardine, on the

(Continued overleaf)



AT CANNES: SIR LAMING AND MISS WORTHINGTON-EVANS

On the famous Mandelieu links, which are just outside Cannes, where, like the rest of the world lately, they have had a spot of wintry weather. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans was Secretary of State for War in the Conservative Cabinet. Miss Rosemary Worthington-Evans is his and Lady Worthington-Evans only daughter



AT THE RETRIEVER TRIALS AT IDSWORTH

Lorna, Lady Howe, who was formerly Mrs. Quintin Dick, Mrs. Bonham Carter, Mrs. Curzon, and Mrs. Portal taking measures against the wintry blast at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, where the Labrador Retriever Club held their field trials last week

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

other hand, or rather on both, had long black gloves, very attractive in the new-old manner. She is particularly easy to look at. Miss Charlotte Younger marshalled a party from



AT CAP FERRAT: LADY DUNN AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS AND ANNE DUNN

Sir James and Lady Dunn have two villas at Cap Ferrat and have lent one of them to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus John, who are on the Riviera with their family. Lady Patricia Douglas is Lady Dunn's daughter by her first marriage to the Marquess of Queensberry

ing. An admirable effect was provided by Mrs. Rupert Bethune and her white frock, and Mrs. Coats of Sundrum also looked particularly well. She brought her debutante daughter as well as Miss "Pat" Richards.

Lord Inverclyde was there, and the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire hunt was represented by Colonel and Mrs. Hirst, Mr. Walter Macfarlane, jun., Mr. and Miss Donaldson, the Charlie Finlaystones, and Mr. Harvey Stuart Black. Major Sandilands, who has been in command of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers Depot at Ayr, was saying many farewells pending his immediate departure for Madras, but his quantities of friends hope that his disappearance is only of a temporary nature. Conri Tait's band played with spirit, and a very lively bacon and egg party terminated the proceedings.

What are good manners? is the question of the week which I insist on asking. You were not prepared for this, one of my 1931 innovations, so I shall do all the answering myself.

A short time ago a lot of people would have found it difficult to give illustrations of good manners, either from personal habits or from observation of their surroundings. Now, however, these lubricators of everyday existence seem to be creeping back into favour and the cult of intentional rudeness is luckily on the wane. Thoughtlessness, stupidity, and sloth are the chief reasons for the bad habits still evident, though shyness, partially concealed beneath sophistication, often gives the same effect. Some people who should know better have a way of recognizing smaller fry one day and not the next; whichever of the above-mentioned motives prompts this practice is not known.

Another unattractive habit of those whose manners leave much to be desired is that of treating shop assistants as if they were personally responsible for the lack of any desired object. We all know the sensation of shame when shopping with friends who choose thus to vent their ill-humour.

Ravenswood; she usually has something of special note to record, and this time her white satin frock was agreeably supplemented by—but I will quote the words of an astute observer—"a red girth and martin-gale."

One of the nicest things about the Eglinton for-gathering was the fact that Mrs. Jack Coats was able to be present, to all appearances quite well again. Colonel Dunlop, the ex-Master, has been controlling operations in her absence, and when he proposed her health at the end of the evening she made a most polished little speech thanking him, Mr. Neilson, and others for having carried on so splendidly during her illness.

Mrs. Pinhey, over from Canada, was with the Auchans party, and she and Sir "Fuzzy" Graham appeared to find each other particularly entertaining.

The fact remains that those who really are worth while, either from heredity or achievement, will never be found adopting these forms of unenviable notoriety. Minor courtesies, such as answering letters and invitations, opening doors and shutting windows for an older generation, cannot be too strongly recommended to the candidates anxious for election to the polite circle. Much tact, however, is needed to decide when these suggestions of deference can be made without offending the recipient of such attentions by the imputation of excessive age.

Many niceties of deportment will no doubt be developed when the new cult gains fresh adherents, but for an unstudied gesture of goodwill I commend a young man of my acquaintance who thanks the engine-driver when a train punctually achieves its object.

Up to now Switzerland has been rather badly treated in the matter of snow. St. Moritz, in particular, which usually has enough and to spare, is reduced to the minimum, and how little that is when you've sat down on it inadvertently once or twice! The new arrival from England can imagine no more depressing spectacle than that of rocks and dingy grass protruding out of patches of snow. As the train climbs up from Coire, every tunnel entered promises a better prospect the other end, but this year height has lent no enchantment, and the same decayed vegetation is visible wherever you look. However, some shy snowflakes have started to fall, and once it gets going all will be well. Skaters have had enough ice to cut, and the searchers after sun should not complain.

The Cresta enthusiasts have started on their downward career, though the full run does not open till later, as the famous "Church Leap" needs the maximum of frost to make it safe. To make the run, Italians are imported as only they are reputed to understand the niceties of its composition. It is, of course, extremely important that no flaws or holes should occur. For that reason no descents are made after 10 a.m. in case the sun's rays might have thawed some of the surface.

Two initiates who should train on to do great deeds are Colonel Moore-Brabazon's sons. Their father still competes with frequent success for the various cups which can only be won on a very good time, and this needs tremendous dash and skill. In addition he is an excellent skater and a scratch golfer.

Maloja, a near neighbour to St. Moritz, has been given a tremendous fillip by the inauguration of the new ski-jumping hill. This resort has become a sort of buffer-state between the rigours of the Mürren School, where any relaxation from endeavour is viewed with great disfavour, and the *laissez faire* of St. Moritz. That Lord and Lady Lytton have just been there with their family shows that ski-ing facilities are of the best, for Lord Knebworth is quite one of the most adept at the game.—Love, EVE.



AT THE UNITED HUNTS' BALL: SIR MERRIK BURRELL AND ONE OF THE LITTLE CABARET PERFORMERS

The United Hunts' Ball at the Savoy last week was in aid of the rebuilding funds of the Royal Veterinary College. Sir Merrik Burrell is Chairman of the Board of Governors, owns Knepp Castle, and is High Sheriff of Sussex. A regular spate of M.F.H.s was in evidence, and the ball was a really good success

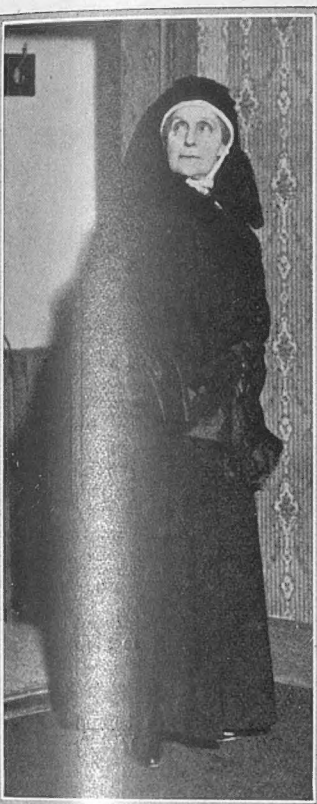
More pictures of this event in next week's TATLER

STANSTED PLAYERS IN THE LIMELIGHT



IN "THE YOUNGER GENERATION": MR. RALPH ALDERSON AS JAMES HENRY KENNION, MISS G. ARMSTRONG-JONES AS HIS DAUGHTER, AND MRS. BARTLETT AS MRS. KENNION

The Society of Stansted Players, a notable band of amateurs, recently presented "The Rising Generation," and "How He Lied to Her Husband," at their private theatre at Stansted Park, and achieved their usual success. Miss Armstrong-Jones, who played Grace Kennion in Stanley Houghton's three-act comedy, is Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones' daughter. Mrs. Arthur James' rendering of the grandmother was masterly



MRS. ARTHUR JAMES AS MRS. HANNAH KENNION



IN BERNARD SHAW'S "HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND"

Above on the left is Lady George Cholmondeley as "She," with the Hon. Denys Buckley, Lord Wrenbury's son, as "He," the cause of the trouble, who, on the right, is seen being threatened by "The Husband" (Major T. W. G. Davis). Since 1927 the Stansted Players have presented twelve different plays and have raised a goodly sum for various charities. The proceeds of last week's three-day "season" went to the funds for repairing Chichester Cathedral and Forestside Church. The picture on the left shows another scene from "The Rising Generation." Lord Duncannon is the only son of the owner of Stansted Park, Lord Bessborough, who launched the Stansted Players and takes the greatest interest in their productions. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby is Lord Bessborough's nephew



YOUTH CONFERS: MISS GWENDOLEN ARMSTRONG-JONES, LORD DUNCANNON, AND MR. A. PONSONBY

The Cinema

The Return of "Kismet"

By JAMES AGATE

IF I had not been in an exceptionally good temper the other afternoon I think I must have walked out of the Leicester Square Theatre. This for two reasons. To begin with, for an eternity of, say some three minutes, the manager could not be found. Perhaps I may remark here that when I go to the cinema for fun, which is often, nothing will induce me to accept tickets, whereas when I go on duty nothing will induce me to buy my seat. As a matter of fact I never did find the manager, and was rescued by a charming lady who agreed that I looked like THE TATLER film-critic, and would I sit wherever I liked? It seems to me that an architectural hint for the benefit of whoever builds the next super-cinema might not be out of place here. I suggest that the manager's office should always be situated next to the box-office, and that it should be provided with a little *guichet* through which the manager can be visible. It may be that the managers of picture-palaces have arduous duties necessitating their attendance on the roof or in the bowels of the earth, from which extremities the manager, whenever I want to see him, has always to be fetched. Let me suggest then that a sub-manager with no duties except to be on duty be appointed, and that he should be permanently located in the aforesaid office, or secured by pad-lock and chain to some central pillar in the entrance-hall. Let me also suggest that I decline to believe any more in that old fiction about the manager being unable to see me at a quarter to three because he is getting into evening dress. Lastly, in this matter of managers let me advise every picture-palace in London that the first manager who has the honesty to leave word that he has "slipped out to have one" will receive a rattling good notice even if the picture should be *East Lynne*.

My second reason why I so nearly left the Leicester Square Theatre was the intolerable amount of screen guff which preceded the showing of *Kismet*. First came an infernally long list of the dagoes who have helped to produce this film. When this, which cannot possibly interest anybody, was over, the screen burst into a preface. Every now and then, said the screen, a story is born so magical—here followed a long string of other adjectives—that the world knows that it is in the presence of new creation. I do not pretend that these were the exact words. Anyhow, it was skilfully intimated that the story of *Kismet*, which is essentially as old as the "Arabian Nights," was a new world-enrichment proceeding direct from Mr. Knoblock's unaided brain. Then the screen went on to describe how the play of *Kismet*, produced in 1911, was a new experiment. Poetry, in the guise of Mr. Knoblock's prose, was to be re-born to the stage, and everybody was asking whether the world would be able to comprehend this miracle. I confess that as I read this my heart bled for Mr. Knoblock who is distinguished for two qualities—his craftsmanship and his modesty. What Mr. Knoblock did in the play of *Kismet* was to catch on to the mode of *Sumurun* with the addition of words, just as *Chu-Chin-Chow* was *Kismet* all over again with the addition of music. Mr. Knoblock, who has always been an immensely clever man of the theatre, had far too much sense in 1911 to spoil a good proposition with any poetry above Wardour-Street level. He was content, and rightly, to sprinkle his dialogue with thee's and thou's and as much Eastern imagery as the cheap editions of Omar and the musical comments of Miss Liza Lehmann had inured us all to. Mr. Knoblock has never attempted poetry for the good and sufficient reason that he is not a poet, and he would be the first to laugh at the suggestion that the best line in *Kismet* can stand comparison with the worst in *Hassan*. But a bare statement of fact was never any use to the film industry, and so we have to be told by the management of Paramount, or whoever it is, that it presents "at once a little humbly, and yet a little proudly, the first screen classic"! I hope for Mr. Knoblock's sake that he was not present at the unwinding of this egregious preface, for if so he must have blushed in the darkness far, far harder than ever Aurora contrived in the daylight. The preface had some more



IN "THE LOTTERY BRIDE": MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD AND MR. JOHN GARRICK

The London season of this musical romance began at the Capitol on January 18. The music is by Rudolf Friml. Jeanette MacDonald is also in "Monte Carlo," referred to in this page

to say about Mr. Otis Skinner, who was described in terms which if they had been applied to Salvini, Coquelin, and Irving rolled into one would have made these really great actors uncomfortable. When will Hollywood realize that too much bush makes even a good wine seem thin?

However I remained, and was glad that I did so. It was a little disconcerting at first to find that the film was not in colour. It was again a little disconcerting to find the Wazir, that herald and symbol of the poetic renaissance, saying not "Let them be brought hither!" but "Have them brought here!" And why should his chief executioner be an obvious American actor covered with boot-blackening? Are there no negroes in America? It was still more disconcerting when the Queen of the Wazir's harem turned out to be about as Persian as a Ziegfeld Folly. In fact if one were to judge this film by its preface one would have to pronounce it an unqualified failure. But if one forgets all the art nonsense and takes it as a rousing entertainment played by American actors among a great deal of handsome scenery and dresses, why then, I should regard it as an unqualified success. In fact it amused me so much that I stayed to the end and could have wished for more. There never have been more than two ways of treating *Kismet*. One is to suppress Mr. Knoblock's words and get some German film-director to produce it to some good German music, a production, in short, on the Reinhardt-Strauss lines. To this the screen preface might be applicable. The other way is the way of the snappy American business proposition, which makes the preface imbecile. My advice to everybody is to find out what time this film starts and go in five minutes late. On these lines it is excellent. I find I have no space except to say of *Monte Carlo* at the Carlton that it is a completely idiotic film of which I enjoyed not only every minute but every second, despite Miss Jeanette MacDonald who depicts too faithfully the more irritating facets of female winsomeness, and because Mr. Jack Buchanan has more brains and more breeding, more wit, more charm, and more sheer screen cleverness than any artist of the light film I have ever seen. And you can throw in that terrifically over-rated and absurdly over-boosted Somebody who is probably occurring to you at the moment.

NIGHT AND MORNING

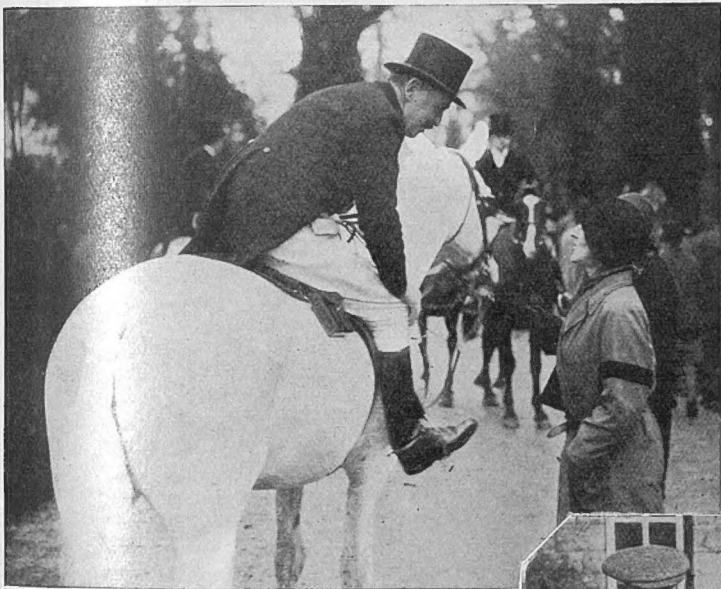


AT THE ALBRIGHTON HUNT BALL AT CHILLINGTON

Standing at back—Mr. R. Shelton, Captain R. F. P. Monckton (Master of the Albrighton), Major Carr; second row—Mr. J. Morris, Mrs. Fowler-Butler, Mr. T. Giffard, Miss Trollope, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. R. Hoare, Brigadier-General Hoare, Major Vaughan; sitting—Mrs. F. Carr, Mrs. John Morris, Mrs. Giffard, Mrs. W. Giffard, and Miss Stobart



ALSO AT CHILLINGTON: MRS. ALDRIDGE, SIR JOHN GREY, MRS. BARTHOOPP, MR. BARTHOOPP, AND THE HON. MRS. GAIRDNER



Guy & Millingham

WHEN THE HEYTHROP WERE AT WILCOTE: COLONEL THE HON. MAURICE WINGFIELD TALKING TO LADY EVELYN MASON



A HUNT BALL MEET AT PLAS HENDY: MR. R.C. COTTERELL AND LADY LETTICE COTTERELL, MISS NELL WARD, LORD STAVORDALE, AND MR. J. WARD



(Left): MAJOR-GENERAL LORD TREOWEN, MISS HELEN WALWYN, COLONEL FULKE WALWYN, M.F.H., AND CAPTAIN V. HELME, M.F.H.

WITH THE MONMOUTHSHIRE AT PLAS HENDY

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

The children's fancy dress party at Quenby was without any question a winner, and was equally appreciated by their elders, and probably not much better. Some of the costumes were very good and very disguising, especially in one case.

Hunting was out of the question for the remainder of the week and it was only a welcome rain on Sunday night that made Monday possible. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales was out for his last day and "The Curate" obliged with a good fox which ran practically the whole length of the Monday country, strewing "daring huntsmen at the formidable hedges" most of the way. There is no doubt a confirmed "cutter-in," like a confirmed "skirter," should be knocked on the head. While making you fall or knocking you over he, unfortunately, always escapes unscathed himself. Tuesday at Whadboro' with the Cottesmore was a day of misery. In a biting wind, three times through Owston Wood up to your girths is an unamusing start; the outlier was presumably lying-in and the foxes in Ranksboro' couldn't have smelt less if they had been deodorized. The only two incidents of note were the unseating of Claude off a cold-backed horse and the jumping of the only fence of the day by a gentleman whose hard riding is such a feature that he is generally riding hard even when at a standstill.

From the Beaufort

Sunday evening had a regular frosty outlook, and Monday's hunting prospects looked remote and proved to be so. Hard weather continued all the week and hounds could not keep any of their fixtures, and we hope the week's rest will help revive some of the rather dicky studs. We all started to polish up our skates, but the elements were thoroughly aggravating and prevented (in most parts) even this form of sport being possible! A large gathering turned out to see the great hockey match between the V.W.H. and Beaufort Hunts, but, alas, we again had to submit to defeat. They are too good for us.

We are all delighted to hear that Lady Apsley is making a satisfactory progress after her operation to her back and hope she was pleased with the sale of her hunters on Saturday. We are sorry to think they have all gone to owners out of this country, and those who have bought them are lucky and to be envied, and we now hope it won't be very long before Lady Apsley will be well enough to begin collecting another stud of nice hunters for herself. Rumour has it that the Trevor Horn's little party on Saturday was one of the very best, very well done, and the greatest success, and some of the costumes and masks worn were perfectly marvellous, in fact no one could recognize even their nearest and dearest, or even their *bêtes noires*! Slightly embarrassing for some! But with a real good party spirit I daresay no one really minded. But a thing we would like to know: Was the guest very popular who tried to remove various people's masks before the given hour? All congratulations to the two ladies who provided such an efficient band in themselves, and now we pray for a good thaw and better luck for hunting next week.

From the Heythrop

The sharp frost which set in on Sunday continued throughout the week, cutting out hunting altogether and cutting very little ice as far as the skaters were concerned, in fact we have had to let everything slide. Here is our official weather report: A deep depression is centred over the Heythrop country, which is slowly filling up. Horses and riders will be moderate to fresh, reaching only vale force in some districts, while a large anti-climax centred around our home side-board is likely to

maintain a rising glass, causing a general increase in temperatures and a corresponding flow of hot air, which in turn will be followed by belts at a low pressure. Further outlook: Uncomfortable.

From Warwickshire

With horses sound again we all hope the frost which has stopped hunting these last ten days has gone for ever. The children have, however, been enjoying themselves falling about on their skates, to say nothing of their endless round of parties. Our play-actors are getting busy again. It's Rehearse till you Rot. Here's wishing them and their charitable objects success. The burning question as to who is the best turned-out lady still rages—this in spite of no "apple" being offered as prize. Furthermore, in view of Mr. Douglas Byng having refused even to write a "pretty" song about the vexing problem, and Mr. Bernard Shaw having declined to answer, the post of male judge (unpaid but so full of honour) is still open. Any takers?

From the York and Ainsty

We hope to be hunting vigorously by the time this appears in print, but as it had to be sent in more than a week ago when there was nothing to write about except frost, we must reluctantly call upon our tame poet to give us his hunt ball retrospect—

See chaps who dance in scarlet coats
To Mr. Keech's gladsome notes,
And maids who troop with merry laugh,
Past tiger, bear, and stuffed giraffe.
See couples tread the narrow path
Around the empty swimming-bath,
And festive dames in grand attire
Ensnconced in sofas round the fire.
Behold the colonel tall and grim
Who called the waiter up to him,
And said, "I know it's bad champagne,
But fill my glass up once again."

From the Fernie

Frost has put a stopper on hunting in the Shires at present, our recent appointments having had to be abandoned. This is the first stoppage in a very open though extremely wet season. Stables, however, will benefit by the cessation after the deep going which has been so telling on horses. Frozen-out fox-hunters were present in large numbers at the Repository on Saturday, the Cripps' stud calling for much attention and ready purchasers. Our old friend, "Binsey," hero of the Ladies' Fernie point-to-point, last year changed ownership; also there were several lady buyers of the Grosvenor and de Soriano horses. With adamant fields and gateways, exercise meantime is chiefly

confined to the straw ring, where one may keep oneself in fit condition if so inclined by joining the rugged up animals on parade. Lord and Lady Haddington have taken The Laurels at Lubenham for the remainder of the season, which is well situated for several packs; may they have some good sport to come. Hunt balls surround us, and if the frost continues, should divert the energies of young and old while awaiting the open weather again. The Repository was full to overflowing on the second Saturday of non-hunting well-known riders to hounds of both sexes rolling up to pass the time amongst kindred spirits interested in horses and the sport of kings. Melton sent up a strong contingent. The voice of the auctioneer was with difficulty heard at times.

From Lincolnshire

Following twelve days of idleness, we were, at the time of writing, beginning to take the shutters down. The Burton had a narrow shave on the last day we were out before the arctic spell, for an express train dashed bang through

(Continued on p. vi)



WITH THE TYNE DALE: MR. J. C. STRAKER, M.F.H., AND LADY RAYLEIGH

An interesting snapshot of father and daughter when the Tynedale, of which Mr. Straker has been Master since 1883, met at Beaufront Castle, the seat of the Dowager Lady Allendale. The Tynedale country is in Northumberland

THE SEVEN SEAS CLUB DINNER



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT—BY FRED MAY

The eighth annual dinner of the Seven Seas Club was held at the Connaught Rooms and the chair was taken by Captain J. K. Chase, V.D., late of the Bengal Pilot Service, through whose untiring and competent efforts so many, tall and otherwise, ships have safely navigated the treacherous Hooghly River. The Club is composed of men who have sailed the seven seas, hence its most appropriate name, and it has the big membership of one thousand. Vice-Admiral Caulfield and Vice-Admiral Taylor proposed "Our Guests." The latter officer, who retired in 1924, commanded H.M.S. "Renown" during H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' tour in Canada, 1919, and Australia and New Zealand in 1920. Commodore Sir Bertram Hayes, who proposed "The Sea Services," served all through the War and retired as Commodore of the White Star Line Fleet, in 1924. He has written some intriguing books of his reminiscences



Pollard Crowther
IN "DANGER! HIGH TENSION": MR. SEBASTIAN
SHAW AND MISS MARGARET DELAMERE

In a scene in the new play, "Danger! High Tension," which is due at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, on January 26. It is a translation from the German, and is said to be a play with a strong human interest

written a book and has called it "My Monte Carlo Indiscretions" ("Studies" Publications. 4s. 6d.). Being, I suppose, very, very rich, she has known many hangers-desperately-on, chiefly beautiful young men. Hers, too often, she now realizes was the ever-open-purse. Nevertheless, she still entertains largely at the very smartest hotels; was among the first, she tells us, to encourage pyjamas at midday on the Riviera (though, alas, her first effort in this direction was badly snubbed by the authorities); simply adores dancing, loves dresses, and was born in Cheshire. She is, we are informed in the introduction, a romantic figure on the Riviera, and apparently has been one for quite a while. Consequently, an exciting life has been hers. One night she had her arm pinched by a horrid old man in the Sporting Club. "How dare you touch me," she shouted at him with a withering look. But nevertheless Ye Olde Pigge, unabashed, pinched the arm of Lady Luck soon afterwards. So she, too, had her adventure. Some men are incurable pinchers, aren't they? And this is one of the happiest evenings which the writer ever remembers: "I had retired earlier than usual. I was asleep when the door of my room was almost broken down by some friends demanding admittance. I got into the smart evening coat I had flung on the chair some time before, and, with no shoes or stockings on, opened the door. In they came, and made such a noise that we were told to try not to keep other people awake with our merry-making." ("Ha, ha!" and again "Ha!"—as the man said who was given laughing-gas in mistake for ether.) But let us return to these Indiscretions. Occasionally the writer's footsteps stray back to India for a little while, and equally occasionally to the Lido and Lake Como; while once, alas, she was stranded by her chauffeur in Lyons when he

I Wonder
Why?

Lady McCarthy, we read, was married so long ago as 1900. Her husband, we are also informed once owned "The Rangoon Gazette." She is, however, now a widow, lives at Monte Carlo, with *divertissements* at Deauville, Paris, and London. Also she is apparently very, very rich. She has just

ought to have landed her at Grenoble. These incidents, however, are Lady McCarthy's life in parenthesis so to speak. Always, as some homing pigeon, she returns to the Hôtel de Paris or the Hermitage. For do they not stand, she asserts, "in the paradise of the world"? Again, she cries enthusiastically, "The French people and the Monagasques are so kind. I feel a great affection for them and dear old Monte Carlo." Indeed, at one moment I feared she was going to be carried away to such an extent that she would call it "Monte." But we are happily spared this final banality. As for the Indiscretions, they are trivial rather than terrible. The writer first met Anton Dolin in a lift. She once called the late and very famous M. de Fleury of the Hôtel de Paris a "head waiter." She has lent money to gigolos. One day her car, driven in London by a foreign chauffeur, went round the wrong side of a lamp-post, and her Rochet Schneider has in its prime gained a banner at the Battle of Flowers, her two little dogs sitting inside wearing collars of mauve tulle, and behaving with their usual dignity. Also, on several occasions Lady McCarthy has had her winnings pinched at the tables before she could grab them herself. How well I know and feel sympathy for that particular frustration. Well, doubtless habitués of Monte Carlo will appreciate this little book at its proper worth. Personally I shall remember it only by one rather apt remark, "Monte Carlo is a sunny place for shady people." It is. For people shady unto actual drabness I would add.

* * *

This Gay Narrative.

I wonder why it is I am always so interested in the obscure, while I only feel coldly critical before those preening themselves in the limelight. Often, as I walk the meaner London streets and gaze into the lighted sitting-rooms and kitchens as I pass, I yearn to be able to enter them, to get to know all about the people who live therein; to become, so to speak, actually one of themselves for a little while. I never feel the least inclination to do this when I pass the Ritz, or see a long queue of cars drawn up outside a mansion in Grosvenor Square. Always I look first of all at the people sitting in the metaphorical corners of the world. I find them so much more friendly, and in a way, so very much more real. And it is due to my curiosity over those who pass in the shadow which makes me want to know more about Robert, the almost monosyllabic husband of the writer of "Diary of a Provincial Lady" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), Miss E. M. Delafield's gay little book. He was by nature so silent that I can only imagine that his proposal of marriage was a "Wilt?" He wanders about the house rather like a familiar ghost who will vanish when most wanted, but can always be relied upon to materialize for meals, or when the morning newspaper arrives. Whenever he appeared in the book he always added to the general entertainment without actually contributing anything to anything. Soon he became part of the fun of one of the most delightfully amusing books I have read for a long time. And not only is the story amusing but it also gives a very accurate description of country life; or rather county society and life in a small country village. Not, however, that this provincial lady was really provincial. Before she married she had evidently shared a flat with a girl friend who passed freely among literary "lions," and other gorgeous "fry." Married,



Arthur Owen
LADY KATHARINE SEYMOUR, MR. GEOFFREY
HARMSWORTH, AND MASTER COLLINS

At the recent children's party at the Hyde Park Hotel. Lady Katharine Seymour is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and married Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Seymour last year. Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth is a son of Sir Leicester Harmsworth, Bt.

(Continued on p. 96)

THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY!

By George Belcher



"If ever you get mixed up with religious people, Mrs. Green, God 'elp yer"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

however, she lived in a village, had two most attractive, but perfectly self-contained children, a French governess, a cook who only existed between giving notice and grumbling about the kitchen range, and a husband who always made the obvious remark, but cut it as short as he could. Nevertheless, a busy life. Tea parties, dinner parties, visiting and being visited; women's institutes, relations, servants, children, and a neighbourly link between all those living round about in a mutual hatred of an insufferably rich and patronising "squiress"—the usual nearest approach to God Almighty which every country district possesses and inwardly loathes. And every character as he or she comes into the diary is almost startlingly real. You seem to know them at once. From the vicar's wife who, always about to go, stays on and on for hours, to the elderly lady, a professional invalid, whose smiling heroism she is convinced brings so much brightness into other people's lives. One perfect description of a big dance given by the "squiress" to the people of the district; a kind of paying-off-old-scores in one, and on a large scale; with the house-party having a much better supper in a private room, and "God Save the King" played punctually at midnight in case any of the "outsiders" might feel inclined to stay on. Briefly, completely a joyous book, which I'm sure Miss Delafield loved writing as we do who read it. The many "asides" which the diarist makes as a sort of personal protest against the turmoil of commonplace events which fill her life, add to the amusement of the whole. "Diary of a Provincial Lady" is certainly the most cheerful book I have come across for a long while. And by cheerful, I mean to say it made *me* feel cheerful; as also it will make you, unless you be foolish enough not to read it; or, peradventure, are too superior to realize the humour of life's very Everyday.

A Study in Crime and Jealousy.

Mr. C. S. Forester's new novel, "Plain Murder" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), most certainly is not exactly cheerful. In fact the jolliest part of it are the murders! And these are only jolly because you really can't believe in them; or rather you cannot believe that they would have been successful. One takes place at a children's party where a shot is mistaken for an exploding squib! Another is due to the murderer tampering with a motorcycle; the result being that its expert rider was apparently so inexperienced at the moment that he lost control of the machine, ran down a hill, and dashed into a tram! As for the police, they are more idiotic than is even usual in this class of story. But what makes the novel very well worth reading is the author's study of his murderer and the squalid domestic life he leads with a wife whom he is so everlastingly nagging that I wonder she did not commit a murder on her own account. The story then is notable for this study of a man and his jealousy. He was an advertising agent and apparently successful at his job. But he was one of those men who can neither brook interference, even from his superiors, nor endure the thought that any other man is as successful, perhaps more so, than himself. This jealousy at last becomes an *idée fixe* to which his wretched home life contributed. The man has no redeeming features and his murders were brutal and senseless. Nevertheless the story holds your attention.

Such Stuff as Films are made of.

Some girls seem to have a life-long struggle to preserve their virtue (according to their own account), while others spend their lives struggling to lose it (according to the account of their

friends). Jenneth Tighe, the heroine of "The Men in Her Life" (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.), by Warner Fabian, defended what remained of hers like a tigress, although she had already lost its first fruits in her father's garden at the age of fifteen. Happily, for virtue's sake, the young villain got hit on the head by the girl's father who, however, himself got sent to prison for the assault. A few years later Jenneth's battles began in real earnest. As a show-girl on Broadway it may be said that she lived in the Front Line trenches. However, when a young dark millionaire started an offensive, Jenneth pushed it back without loss of life. A pink-faced elderly Cræsus tried to cut off her retreat, but she retired in good order. Later on a "hard-boiled financial privateer" flung himself into the fray but was flung back again almost immediately. However, a good-hearted bootlegger did manage to cut through several barbed-wire entanglements, so to speak. Victory, however, remained with Jenneth Tighe's virtue. And then, what? Oh, a bootiful close-up. Miss Tighe in the original green dress in which she had been seduced as a girl, and her seducer in fancy dress all blue and silver. Whereupon reconciliation, explanation, the cloying kiss. And an exceptionally trivial novel comes to an end.

More Film Stuff.

John Harvey, the hero of Miss Joan Kennedy's "Deep Furrows" (Long. 7s. 6d.) was fifty before any woman "entered his life"—which is such a nice way to put it, isn't it?

Therefore when he found himself looking at Eve—no ordinary dairymaid, but the product of an agricultural college and a lady—in a manner most strange and disturbing, he was glad to marry her in spite of the fact that she told him she was the widow of Garry Trent, an engineer, and that as no woman had ever entered his life until he met her, so no man could ever again enter hers with Garry's memory blocking the entrance. She had only one key to her heart and her dead husband had taken it with him. However, she married John, and they lived quite happily on the understanding that she could never love him as once she had loved. Yet, was Garry really dead? He was not! He turned up again to build a reservoir almost at Eve's very door. Moreover, when Garry set eyes on his wife the shock brought back his memory. Thereafter the floodgates of love were reopened between them. There remained John, however. And John made things very difficult by meeting with an accident and becoming a cripple for life. What was Eve to do? Well, being a kindly woman she remained John's wife, while taking Garry as her secret lover. But you can't keep a baby a secret, can you? So when nature had announced its advent, Eve tried to pass it off as the child of her crippled husband, and this might have succeeded had not John's tiresome sister caught Eve in Garry's arms. Such a sorry business! Now, was Eve a nice woman? Well, that problem is the really interesting thing about the novel—perhaps the only interesting thing. Nevertheless there are certain well-drawn pictures of the countryside and it is a good sawdust story.



PRINCE AMEDEO DI SAVOIA

By Autori

Prince Amedeo di Savoia, 1st Duke of Aosta, is an uncle of H.M. King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and married as his second wife H.I.H. Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon. He has just been elected a member of the Accademia d'Italia

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

IN THE PLAY BILLS



IN "A PAIR OF TROUSERS": MR. HAROLD WARRENDER (RONALD), MISS JANE WOOD (VALERIE), AND MISS GRIZELDA HERVEY (MARJORIE)

Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA (LILETTE), MR. HAYDEN COFFIN (CRAIG CHESTER), AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (BEATRICE)

Mr. Frederick Jackson's little farce, all about a quite harmless gentleman and a pair of torn trousers, is at the Criterion. Mlle. Alice Delysia is leading in the part of a rather too French French widow, and Mr. Ian Hunter as the most proper gentleman who, when making a perfectly innocent business call on the lady, is so clumsy as to tear his trousers and has to take them off while somebody mends them. It is hardly necessary to add that at that uncomfortable moment a bunch of his wife's bosom friends, and eventually his wife, arrive, and that the very worst construction is put upon things. "The Chelsea Follies," at the Victoria Palace, demonstrate definitely how wise it is to pick the right kind of folly. It is a booming success this show, and one that no one ought to miss seeing.



AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: MR. MARTIN IREDALE AND "THE CHELSEA FOLLIES"—THE MODELS' PARADE

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

Flying Clubs.

IT is as necessary for the journalist to mention Sir James Jeans nowadays as it is for the woman of fashion to wear one of those occipital suckers, those exiguous *arctic-circle* hats which are now so popular. Sir James, and before him Professor Eddington and others, have made figures familiar, introduced us properly to integers and digits and Angström units, and brought the square root of minus one to the fireside. The four-dimensional continuum has replaced the cross-word puzzle as the amusement for the odd minute. So in order to be in the fashion I have been turning a mind unused to calculate to figures, and have been compiling statistics of the light aeroplane clubs. I have yet to receive statistics from some of the clubs, but a sufficient number have already answered my questions to make it clear that the club movement is continuing to grow with speed, and that it has already reached a position which the most sanguine could hardly have believed possible a few years ago. Many people are yearly given their first introduction to flying by the light aeroplane clubs, and many are taught to fly by them. There are now forty-four clubs, though some of these are not yet flying, and about seventy gliding clubs. The London Club has 420 members and seven aeroplanes. It trained sixty-three pilots in 1930. The Hampshire Club has 403 members and five aeroplanes—four Moths and an Avian—and it trained forty-one pilots in 1930. The Cinque Ports Club has the relatively small membership of 145, yet they are nearly all flying members, and during 1930 the club trained no fewer than thirty-seven pilots. Its equipment consists of three slotted Gipsy Moths. They are of wooden construction, and have replaced the Cirrus Moths with which the club was formerly working. The Cinque Ports Club with its three machines did 1,253 flying hours during the year. This result reflects credit upon Mr. K. K. Brown and his staff at Lympne. National Flying Services will be dealt with separately later on in these notes.

Light Aircraft.

Aircraft suitable for use in the clubs are plentiful, and have shown technically almost as great advances as the clubs themselves. We have had some interesting new types with the Robinson Redwing at one end of the price scale and the Puss

Moth at the other. The Puss Moth, at about twice the price of the Redwing, gives the most luxurious air travel available, not excluding existing types of large aircraft. It is only equalled in this by the Westland Wessex multi-engined machine, which is a genuine air yacht with every possible refinement incorporated. The Redwing with the Armstrong-Siddeley Genet engine is one of the pleasantest of the cheaper aeroplanes, and will certainly be popular in this country where large landing-grounds are few and far between. The Spartan is gradually increasing its scope, several orders having been received recently. Bluebirds are for those who want a metal machine with side-by-side seating.

Two developments which may favourably influence the price of aircraft and their performance during the year are the application of the monospar construction and the use of the Boulton and Paul metal-wing construction. The demonstration monospar monoplane, which has been at many of the aerodromes near London, has aroused much favourable comment, and will probably be developed to the marketable stage in the near future. The Boulton and Paul wing does away with the need for rivets, and enables a substantial reduction to be made in the cost of metal wings.

Aerodromes.

While clubs, and aircraft suitable for them, are progressing rapidly, the provision of new aerodromes does not seem to keep pace with the demand. There are few things which are holding back private and club flying more effectively than the absence of a sufficient number of aerodromes. Mr. Montague, in the House of Commons the other day, said that there were 129 civil aerodromes and fifty Service aerodromes in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It sounds satisfactory, until one makes further investigations, when one discovers that figures given in Parliament in reply to questions demand the closest scrutiny before they are accepted. For, in fact, the practical civil aerodromes number much less than half Mr. Montague's figure. Mr. Montague contrived to attain the imposing total of 129 by lumping in all the temporary joy-riding aerodromes which happened to be licensed by the Air Ministry at that particular moment. In fact none or few of these are in any sense practical aerodromes. The total number of practical aerodromes at present in Great Britain is only fifty. It is an absurdly small number.



THE R.A.F. EXPERIMENTAL SECTION AT FARNBOROUGH

The caricaturist's impression of some gentlemen to whom he refers as both "Hell's Angels" and "Sky Hawks," but are really the people whose job it is to find out things for the benefit of other people—usually at considerable risk. The unit is commanded by Squadron-Leader Caster, and these sketches were made at a recent guest night in the R.A.F. mess at Farnborough. Mr. A. H. Hall is the chief civilian superintendent of this establishment, and is being shown a few little tricks by the resourceful adjutant

LOOKING PLEASANT

Studies of Social Successes



WITH SON JONATHAN: THE
HON. MRS. BRYAN GUINNESS

This portrait of Mr. Bryan Guinness' wife and son was taken quite recently and proves that Jonathan is tackling the business of growing up in the best possible spirit. Mrs. Guinness is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale. Her marriage to Colonel and Lady Evelyn Guinness' son took place in January, 1929

Lady Mary Lygon comes fifth in Lord and Lady Beauchamp's family of seven. She will be twenty-one this year, and, like her sisters, is tremendously admired. Lady Mary hunts mainly with the Croome from her Worcestershire home, and just lately she has been dancing indefatigably at hunt balls all over the country

Photographs by Edmund Harrington



LADY MARY LYGON



MLLE. CÉCILE SOREL

Surprise, tantamount to consternation, was caused when France's most famous actress asked to be released from her engagement at the Comédie Française. Sorel has played at the Comédie Française for nearly thirty years. The decision is believed to have been taken for two reasons. First, her popularity, particularly in the provinces, will enable her to make far more money under private management than the Comédie Française can, in its present condition, afford to pay her. Secondly, she has not been given a new part for several years.

GOSH, but it's cold, Très Cher . . . and I am still in the hands of the Gallic workman (just as bad as the British species); and as the plumbers have been on strike my central heating is purely decorative . . . and not much of that. It may be healthy but it's dam'd uncomfy, and now that I've got over the amusement of comparing noses with my dog—I swear mine's the coldest—I am yelling for hot-water bottles and electric blankets. I did not mean to begin this letter in such a spirit of levity. I am really in the deeply moved and meditative mood that overwhelms one after witnessing the immense spectacle of a nation in mourning. It is too late of course, since you have had pen pictures and sob stories innumerable in the daily press, for me to give you my own impressions of Marshal Joffre's funeral, though it has been an event that I shall never forget for its tremendous dignity, its sad and solemn beauty. Never have I seen such crowds or seen such poignant expression of woe on so many homely faces . . . the "people" loved him so greatly; he was so much nearer to them than Foch. He was the strong, silent man of the early days of the War, when all was darkness and despair; he was the man who went into battle against the unknown and who saved Paris. He was loved also for his homely virtues . . . he was so simple, so stolidly dependable, so gorgeously matter of fact, and you know, also, how silent he was. Though you may hardly believe it, I assure you that the French have no real love of a mere *beau parleur*.

The story is told of how President Poincaré, in the spring of 1915, lunched at the Grand Quartier Général with Joffre after having visited the Front. Poincaré was all afire with enthusiasm, waxing eloquent on all that he had seen during his tour of inspection, congratulating Joffre and questioning him ceaselessly, to which questions and congratulations the old soldier replied by mere monosyllables. At last however it seemed as if Joffre had something to say; he fidgeted and hum'd and haw'd and finally gave

Priscilla in Paris

utterance. The guests at table hung on his words . . . "Have another cutlet, M. le Président," he urged. Then it was Poincaré's turn to be monosyllabic. His "No" would have upset anyone less imperturbably placid than Joffre.

Très Cher, you must read Paul Poirét's most entertaining little volume of memoirs, "En habillant l'époque." It is perhaps not very well named, for his reminiscences are very personal and diverse, and not nearly so much written by the *couturier* as by the *bon viveur* that he was, and I presume is. His hey-day as fashion leader was, of course, just before the War, and he brought the influence of the Russian ballet into the sartorial life of Paris. He lived for colour, and taught us to enjoy it with him. But he writes little of all that; he indulges rather in personal anecdotes about well-known people. His parties were legendary, and invitations to them were prized and sought after. He was a wonderful discoverer of "young talent," and numerous are the pretty little ladies he patronised who are now at the top of the theatrical profession. He tells a good story of how he came across that amusing little creature then known as "la même Moineau," who started life in Paris as a flower girl on the *grands boulevards*. It was there that he found her, in rags that were neither picturesque nor clean, and was struck by her lovely little figure, pretty face, and amazing back-chat! He wrapped her up in a hastily bought pelisse, had her well scrubbed, and carried her off to his country place in Sologne, where she was only too happy to accompany him. *En route* she was delighted at the number of chickens that scattered in front of his powerful and furiously driven car. At Orléans she begged him to buy her a carter's whip, and she amused herself during the rest of the trip by hanging over the side of the car and showing Poirét how, with a quick flick of the wrist, to loop the lash of the whip round the squawking birds as they fluttered to the road-side, a trick she had been taught by the gypsies with whom she had passed her childhood.

Nowadays to own a racing stable seems to be the hall-mark of theatrical success in Paris. Fanny Heldy, the operatic diva (whose great ambition is to obtain a jockey's licence and ride her own horses) was the first in the field, while the last-comer is that very pretty French-Canadian actress, Meg Lemonnier, who came to Paris quite unknown, and burst into stardom overnight, having made an immense hit in the French version of *Broadway*. Jane Marnac was a proud "Owner" even before her marriage to Keith Trevor; she, by the way, has deserted the stage for the moment and is having a tremendous success in the "talkies" with the Osso Films. Here am I almost at the end of my allotted space and no room left to tell . . . oh, quite lots of things that will have to wait over till next week (unless I am frozen out by then; so, with love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



"MIS" ET MAMAN

Summer memories. A snapshot of "Mis" and her mother taken at their country home not far from Paris, and (at the time of going to press) now under water. The dawg hails from Belgium and is an offering from some Belgian admirers of the great Mistinguette of the famous legs

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LORD DESBOROUGH'S SHOOT AT PANSHANGER



THE HOUSE PARTY AND THE HOST AND HOSTESS

The elements have been a bit against most forms of sport, but the fog has been the only thing which has held up shooting. Luckily it was clear when Lord and Lady Desborough had their house party at Panshanger, Hertfordshire, to shoot the home coverts. The names, left to right, are: Standing—the Hon. Imogen Grenfell (Lord and Lady Desborough's younger daughter), the Duchess of Portland, Lord Desborough, the Duke of Portland, Lord Londonderry, Viscount Gage, the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, Viscount Cranborne, and Mr. Nall-Cain; seated—Sir Charles Nall-Cain, Lady Desborough, Lady Nall-Cain, Lady Cranborne, Lady Margaret Stewart, and Mrs. Nall-Cain.

LORD CRANBORNE, LADY MARGARET STEWART,
AND THE HON. LADY SALMONDLORD LONDONDERRY AND
LORD GAGETHE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL AND THE
HON. SIR HARRY STONOR

Some more snapshots of people who were at Lord and Lady Desborough's recent shoot. Lord Cranborne is Lord Salisbury's son and heir and his father's seat, Hatfield, is also in Hertfordshire where Panshanger is. Lady Margaret Stewart is Lord and Lady Londonderry's second daughter. The Hon. Lady Salmond is the host and hostess' elder daughter and the wife of Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond. Lord Gage, who is with Lord Londonderry, is a Captain, Reserve of Officers, Coldstream Guards, and served in the War, in which he was wounded. The Hon. Sir Harry Stonor is a Groom-in-Waiting to H.M. the King, and has been one of the Royal Household since the times of Queen Victoria. He is an uncle of Lord Camoys.

THE PASSING SHOWS

"To See Ourselves,"
at the
Ambassadors Theatre



TOM TITT

A ROMANTIC INTERLUDE: "LET'S PRETEND . . ."

Caroline (Miss Marda Vanne) irrevocably married to the matter-of-fact Freddie, hungers for youth and romance. Her humdrum life is such a warning that her younger sister, Jill, declines to marry Owen (Mr. Maurice Evans). Caroline and Owen, both disconsolate, play a sentimental game à deux which ends in a kiss and no more

SUCCESS is its own multiplication table. Miss E. M. Delafield, esteemed as a novelist (I have been dipping into her "Diary of a Provincial Lady" with quiet relish) offers up a hostage to dramatic fortune, and finds her first play an unqualified and deserved winner. Congratulations. *To See Ourselves* is a feminine variation on the recurring theme of marriage with the gloss off. Women are well qualified to dissect a phenomenon which hovers precariously between Farce and Tragedy. The general way of approach to the problem of how to turn the honeymoon into a habit is to assume, as a general principle, that a woman's appetite for romance is unlimited, while a man, being at heart a practical, unsentimental animal, all too rapidly reaches the stage wherein outward shows of affection in the home circle are not far removed from "bad form."

Miss Delafield, with gentle irony, delicate wit, and a touch of sentiment that is never maudlin, takes a typical middle-aged married couple and weighs them in the balance. If the scales are the least bit loaded, as is only natural, at the distaff end, no one can accuse her of an inability to see both sides of a difficult question. Freddie Allerton (Mr. Nicholas Hannen), is a kind, stupid, inarticulate, nice-minded, unperceiving, rather Victorian,

almost brainless, deadly-dull husband. His main interests are his paper mill (South Devon), golf, and the misdeeds of the Government. While his wife, Caroline (Miss Marda Vanne), enlivens her knitting with a running commentary of small talk about the servants and the children at school, Freddie sits in his armchair absorbed in a pipe and "The Morning Post." Caroline's conversation is mainly a series of those questions which the lazy man needn't trouble to answer if his thoughts are elsewhere. She knows it, and scarcely pauses for a reply.

Freddie, by all the rules of chivalry, should have laid aside his paper and taken a polite and intelligent interest in the importance of placating a short-handed parlourmaid (Miss Audrey Cameron), and the chances of Caroline's sister, Jill (Miss Helen Spencer), consenting to an engagement with Owen (Mr. Maurice Evans), a personable young Welshman of good family and nice manners. If we did not realize the full truth of Miss Delafield's dictum that "Every Englishman is an average Englishman," we knew at once what sort of average husband Freddie was when he objected to a wireless set on the grounds that it would interfere with conversation. On Freddie's behalf it is only fair to observe that (1) if a man can't make a fool of himself, quietly and unconsciously, in his own home, what's the use of a home anyway; (2) nothing is more distressing than being talked to, especially upon trivial subjects, when you are reading; (3) silence, if not invariably golden, should be occasionally optional.

All very difficult and dangerous ground. If two people feel chatty simultaneously they must either both talk at once, which is intolerable, or one must do more listening than the other, which is unfair. If you suggest to a woman that she should converse with her husband only when he feels in a mood to be talked to, she will reply that at that rate she would never speak at all. If Providence could guarantee that married couples always wanted what they wanted at the same time the Divorce Courts would be half empty.

Caroline, hovering before that "No man's land," the dangerous forties, wanted Romance. Not all the time perhaps; she had too much humour and common sense for that. But much, much oftener than she found it, which, strictly speaking, was never. Freddie, heedless of the past, vegetated in the present, with the future occasionally conjured up by the paper mill. Caroline lived acutely in all three. The present meant the fishmonger, having no housemaid, the coldness of the bath-water, the children. The future she envisaged in a series of dramatic upheavals and decisions crammed with detail. The past—girlhood, good looks, lovers—was always with her, clamouring to be kept alive.

Miss Delafield sharpens the outlines—humorous, pathetic, and deftly drawn—of the heart-hungry Caroline, by the contrasting picture of Jill—modern, pretty, sophisticated, and fifteen years



TOM TITT

"PLEASE, MUM, THE FISH . . ."

Caroline is beset by the servant problem, and the parlour-maid (Miss Audrey Cameron) being short-handed and sour-tempered, must be placated at all costs. "Don't ring the bell, dear, I'll go and tell her myself . . ."

THE GREEN-EYED
GODDESS

Jill (Miss Helen Spencer) finds the modern attitude of broad-mindedness too much for her womanly instincts when her cavalier confesses to his harmless affair with Caroline. Jill is thoroughly jealous of her married sister

scene with unforced charm and perfect finesse. To Miss Vanne it is one of a hundred chances to show her true worth as an actress of deep feeling. A more human, sensitive portrait of a romanticist could not be so lightly sketched in with surer touches of humour, pathos, sincerity, and restraint. Her expression of blank abandonment in the incipient stages of a cold in the head—too sudden a cold to be strictly credible—is a cautionary tale in itself. No woman should open her mouth before she sneezes. No woman should make herself look quite so revolting as Caroline did in the bedroom scene which follows Freddie's burst of loquacity when he decided to celebrate the non-existence of the strike in champagne. He waxed hearty and he talked shop, but nobody listened. Caroline was struggling with strung-up nerves and a cold as realistic as the champagne. Owen was plunged in gloomy remorse. Jill, to whom he had confessed the flirtation, was wholeheartedly jealous.

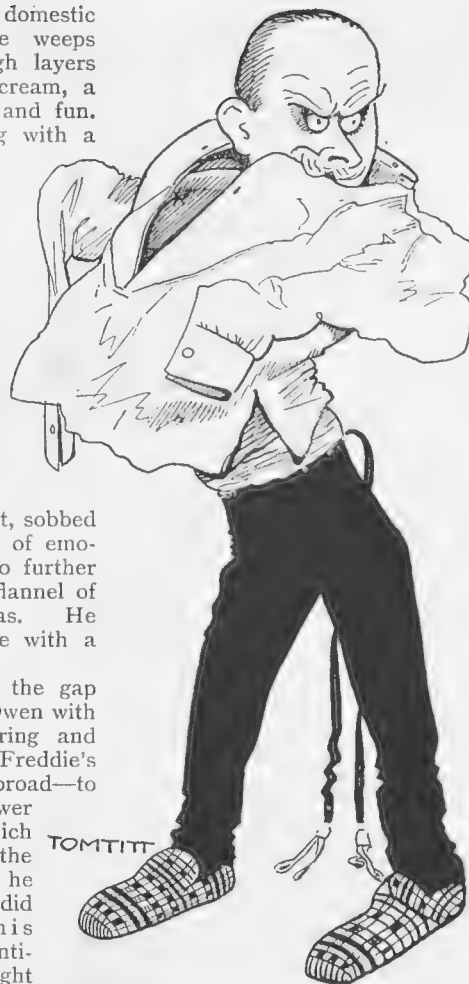
Upstairs, later, the little drama broadens and flickers out

younger. Jill has seen enough of married doldrums during her visit to fight shy of repeating the process of disillusionment and decay with Owen. She refuses to marry him or do "the other thing," a deadlock which Owen accepts with gallant good humour. Comes an alarmist strike message from the new mill manager, a Welshman unversed in Devonshire phlegm. Freddie, fussed and flustered while the booming of the dinner gong drowns the telephone, loses his head and his dignity before Jill hurries him off to the mill in her car. Caroline, her imagination fanned into premature flame, at once envisages an orgy of blood and violence. Face to face with a crisis, melodrama grips her emotions and she begins to act without an audience. Owen overhears her speech to an angry but absent mob, and is revealed as a young man of unusual sympathy and insight, too good a husband in fact for Jill to turn lightly aside. Freddie would have gasped at her like a moon-struck goldfish, and suggested smelling-salts or a brief retirement to the sofa. Owen being none of your "average Englishman" but a Welshman (are they so different?) with an understanding of middle-aged women past their prime, turns Caroline's game of "Let's pretend" into another infinitely more thrilling.

The ensuing scene between them is the tender creature of a mood—a gossamer affair, conscious of its folly and futility. The sudden kiss, when it comes, shatters the illusion. Caroline has been making a fool of herself; Owen has behaved like a cad. Mr. Evans, with the thinnest part of the quartette, plays this difficult

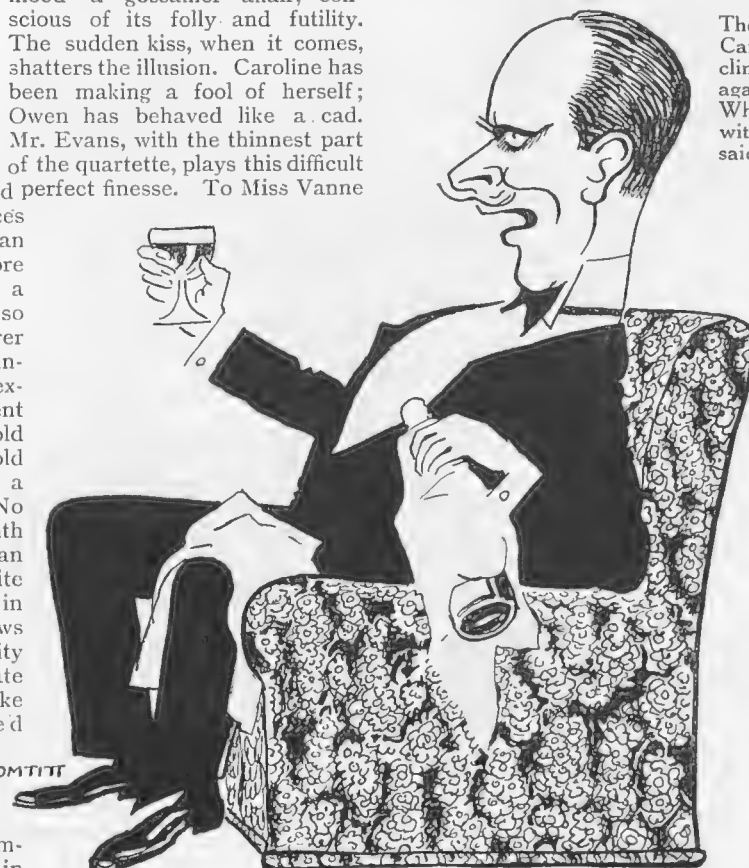
in the humours of domestic bathos. Caroline weeps hysterically through layers of hideous face cream, a figure of tragedy and fun. Freddie, wrestling with a white shirt, counters the sublime with the ridiculous. Would he miss her if she died? Of course, but where was the tube of Kolynos? What would he do if she ran away?—take her temperature, if only, confound it, who the devil had moved the thermometer? Questions like that, sobbed out in a crescendo of emotion, penetrated no further than the homely flannel of Freddie's pyjamas. He waved them aside with a toothbrush.

Act 3 bridges the gap between Jill and Owen with an engagement ring and hints of reform in Freddie's suggested trip abroad—to see the Eiffel Tower by moonlight, which was as near the Alhambra as he could get. One did not begrudge this final sop to sentiment; the thought of leaving Miss Vanne

HARDLY THE MOMENT FOR
MELODRAMA

The bed-room scene is brilliantly done. Caroline, worked up to an hysterical climax, lets off her emotional fireworks against a brick wall of domestic bathos. What middle-aged husband can cope with romantic out-pourings in the prosaic atmosphere of flannel pyjamas and mislaid tooth-paste?

to live unhappy ever after was intolerable. So ended, all too soon, a delicious compound of rice pudding and trifle, preceded, be it noted, by Miss Elizabeth Pollock, *imitatrice superba*. Mr. Hannen blunts, but not too broadly, his natural armoury of fine-edged sympathy to deal a sincere but smashing blow at humdrum husbandhood. Miss Helen Spencer, with an engaging trick of looking down a nice nose, caught my fancy, not for the first time, as the champion of broad-minded, level-headed youth. There are so many morals for husbands in this *multum in parvo* of wisdom and entertainment that I must refer them enthusiastically to the box office. Roused to chivalry and smitten in conscience I would omit the wives. After Miss Vanne has finished with their laughter and tears, self-defence prompts one whisper of hope and counsel. To keep the flower of love in bloom don't go to seed yourself. Lipstick keeps the heart young even if it shocks the vicar. . . . "TRINCULO."



PORTRAIT OF A STRIKE-BREAKER

Freddie (Mr. Nicholas Hannen) makes up for his lost dinner with sandwiches and (real) champagne. Feeling strong but no longer silent he launches forth into conversation. The others, for various reasons, make a poor show of listening



AT VANCOUVER: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE AND CAPTAIN E. AIKMAN, ABOARD "THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

ALL ACROSS THE WORLD



IN STOCKHOLM: PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN



THE PRINCESS SOPHIE DOLGOROUKY IN PARIS

Yevonde



IN LOS ANGELES: MR. AND MRS. WILL HAYS

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who flew from England to Japan—a wonderful achievement since her flying "life" is a comparatively short one compared to her motoring one—was snapped aboard the Canadian Pacific boat, "Empress of Japan," on her arrival in Vancouver, B.C. Captain Aikman is the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific. Princess Ingrid of Sweden was in Leicestershire earlier in the hunting season staying with the Joint Master of the Quorn, Sir Harold Nutting, and Lady Nutting at Quenby. Princess Dolgorouky is engaged to be married to Mr. Leo Zinovieff, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Zinovieff of London. She is the daughter of the late Prince Peter Dolgorouky and of Princess Sophie Wolkonska of Paris. Mr. Will Hays is the President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of the United States—and yet they say that this is the first time he has been caught by the photo-sniper



SPRING!

By A. E. Bestall



THE BRASSY SKY KEEPS

B. C.



CHAS. PEARSON

THE SAILOR GUESSING!

Pearson, R.O.I.



"DRAKE'S DRUM"
After the painting by A.D.M. Cormick, R.I.

*"Take my drum
to England,
hang et by
the shore,*

*Strike et when
your powder's
runnin' low."*



*Player's
Please*

50 for 2/6
100 for 4/10

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC.961

ON AND OFF THE SCREEN!



IN "KISMET": MISS MARY DUNCAN AND MR. SYDNEY BLACKNER IN THE HAREM SCENE



MISS MARION DAVIES

LATEST NEGLIGÉE

"Kismet," the talkie version of Mr. Edward Knoblock's dramatic story, in which Mr. Oscar Asche made such an impression on all of us as Hajj, the beggar—a life-like picture—is on at the New Leicester Square Theatre, with beautiful Mary Duncan as the Wazir's favourite wife and Sydney Blackner as the Wazir. The Oscar Asche part is played by Otis Skinner, and very well, too. The film version departs somewhat from the original story, but does not suffer very much by so doing. Marion Davies is in a chic thing in slumber suitings in which she appears in "The Bachelor Father." She is the daughter of a New York judge, and commenced her professional career in a musical-comedy beauty chorus at ten dollars a week. Mary Kornman is seen during one of the spare moments which hard-worked film stars sometimes get



MISS MARY KORNMAN—OFF DUTY

THE WINTER SPORTING SPIRIT



BRIG.-GENERAL THE HON. EVERARD BARING
AND HIS SECOND DAUGHTER AT ST. MORITZ



ALSO ENJOYING ST. MORITZ: THE EX-MAHARAJAH OF
INDORE WITH HIS WIFE (right) AND HIS SISTER



MR. ANTHONY BRADLEY AND MR. GEOFFREY
GODDARD AT ADELBODEN



A STEADYING INFLUENCE: MR. MARTINEAU
AND HIS DAUGHTER AT ST. MORITZ



SIR REGINALD AND MR. DAVID
POOLE CURLING AT MÜRREN

Stop here for evidences of furious exercise undertaken with enthusiasm in the Winter playground of the Western world. Miss Audrey Baring, who has been figuring things out with her father on the St. Moritz ice, is a niece of Lord Revelstoke and cousin, through her mother, of Lord Feversham. The ex-Maharajah of Indore married Miss Nancy Millar, an American, and has two little girls. He and his wife live mainly at their château in France. Mr. Geoffrey Goddard, who has been skimming the cream of the Adelboden slopes with Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's son, is a Cambridge rowing blue. Mr. Martineau is President of the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz, and Sir Reginald Poole has been finding his son and curling good companions at Mürren

RECENT ACTIVITIES



A SHOOTING PARTY AT CAVENHAM PARK: Included are: Lady Myrtle Jellicoe (Lord Jellicoe's second daughter), Miss Hutchinson, Miss Esther Home, Lord Killanin, Mrs. Home, Captain Sherburn, Brigadier-General A. F. Home (host), Captain Forbes, Lord Clanfield, Captain Combe, Mr. R. Cecil, and Lord Chelsea



Frank O'Brien

AT LIMERICK: Ellen Lady Desart, Sir Otway Wheeler-Cuffe, and Major-General Sir George Franks



A LIBERAL BALL: Sitting—Lady Rosebery, Lady Acland, Lady Pentland, Lady Bryce, Mrs. Borthwick, Lady Samuel; standing—Mr. Wintringham, Sir H. Samuel, Sir F. Acland, and Mr. James Rothschild



Truman Howell

AT THE LLANGIBBY BALL: Major Mostyn Llewellyn, Lady Raglan, Mr. F. Phillips, the Hon. Mrs. Somerset, and (standing)—Captain W. R. Bailey, M.F.H., Major the Hon. W. F. Somerset, Lord Raglan, and Captain M. Phillips

(Right) STAGE GOLFERS: Mr. L. M. C. Applewaite, Miss Margaret Bannerman, and Mr. Ronald Squire at the Savoy Hotel



The camera travelled to Suffolk to meet Brig.-General A. F. Home's guests, gathered for the purpose of pursuing pheasants, at his place near Bury St. Edmunds. The host, who was High Sheriff of his county in 1929, used to be in the 11th Hussars. Lord Chelsea, Lord Cadogan's son, will be seventeen next month. Lady Desart is a well-known member and past president of the Irish Dairy Shorthorn Breeders' Society, and was photographed at its annual congress. Sir Otway Wheeler-Cuffe's home is in County Kilkenny, and Sir George Franks lives at Ballyscaddane, in County Limerick. The left-hand ball group was taken at Claridge's, where the Women's National Liberal Federation organized a successful gathering. The Llangibby Hunt Ball was a good one, too. Captain W. R. Bailey took over the Mastership this season. Major Somerset is Lord Raglan's brother. Miss Margaret Bannerman and her accomplices took part in the Stage Golfing Society's annual dance at the Savoy, a well-attended event

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

THE interest taken in equitation appears to be unabated, and some recent technical notes upon the science of the thing which appeared in this page, have caused rather a spate of inquiries, and even of demands, for some more. It is very difficult to keep pace with this, especially at a moment when one is oneself so busy trying to learn how to sit at the jumps in this fogged and bogged country. However, I suppose some effort must be made, and I propose to continue to adopt as lucid and popular a style in any explanation as may be possible.

The Correct Seat in Jumping.—It is not always possible to blow the nose on the horse. The following conditions are adverse:—(a) horse of a red-chestnut hue in muck sweat and showing whites of both eyes, (b) reins as greasy as a bunch of conger eels, (c) sun in your eyes, (d) button under boot of badly concocted breeches giving you hell, (e) absence of monkey strap on front D's of saddle, (f) absence of handle on cantle, (g) tooth-ache, (h) sea-sickness (from the ridge and furrow—it was not called "the billowy grass" for nothing), (i) atrophy of nasal muscular processes, (j) no handkerchief—and, of course, you must not, that is to say, you would not—but, of course, if you *must* and can let go with one hand for a second . . .

How to Mount the Horse.—Quickly. Don't hop about on one leg like a gigolo in a Russian ballet. Once up, shout "Leggo!" and hope for the best. It impresses the groom, and you won't be any worse hurt.

How to Dismount.—You can take your choice—or, perhaps again you can't. The result is the same anyhow. The best splint is obtained by tying the legs together with handkerchiefs, or someone else's hunting stock.

How to Use the Spur.—The eminent Bengali Scientist Baboo Awfutoosh Mookerjee in one of his deathless essays upon natural phenomena wrote:

"The horse is the friend of man, but he does not always do so."

In the same gem of prose the learned Baboo said in reference to how to sit "on the top of the back of the EurOpeen Horse." "Put foot in stirrup; turn out toe; apply ishpur; and Oh my gird!"

So much kindness has been showered upon intending spur users by instructors who have taken the trouble to write to the papers, that it would be a crime if the above information were not added to the general store of knowledge. There is this further: If spurs are firmly lashed together under the horse's abdomen, or stomach, and the rider's brace-buttons are securely sewn on, it will not matter much what the horse does.



AT THE LUDLOW HUNT BALL

A group at Croft Castle, Sir James Croft's seat, where the ball was held. In this group are: Seated—Mr. J. R. Allcroft, Lady Croft, "Esau," Sir James Croft, Bart., "Bob," and Mrs. Phillips (Lady Croft's daughter); standing—Flight-Lieutenant Phillips and Mr. M. H. Conolly

Truman Howell

Tigers.—It was the distinguished writer upon equitation quoted in the previous note (Awfutoosh Mookerjee) who, in his humble days as a station-master at a way-side station in the Central Provinces (the tigers' nest), sent a wire to his nearest superior:

"Sir, Tiger is eating all native peoples (as per margin), kindly send bullet, for which, as in duty bound, I shall ever pray your humble servant."

This is merely mentioned to demonstrate the fact that, even in his salad days, the Sage was a man full of resource.

Some other inquiries I am afraid, owing to pressure of work, must remain unanswered. "Arnica" is an answer to one of them, and "Go to Heppell's" is an answer to another.

It is kind of the Master of the Mid-Surrey Drag to pull me back on to my hocks over a mistake I made concerning the kind of "smell" used for a drag.

I've never been with anything but foxhounds in my life, though this will not be true after the 17th, because on that date I am tempting fate and the undertaker with the Ward, and looking forward to it tremendously, even though when one is trying to grow up into a nice clean old gentleman one has no business at all to go riding steeplechases, and I gather it is rather that and anything between a ten- and twenty-mile point.

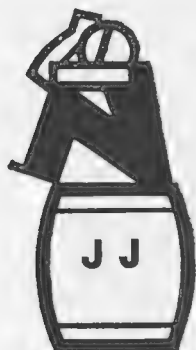
However, I was dead wrong about the aniseed, as they use the real fox-smell, how obtained I do not think I will detail, and an effort is made to reproduce the real atmosphere; that is to say, that the drag is not laid dead straight ahead, but things which might head a fox or cause him to alter direction are taken into account. Furthermore, and this is important from my point of view, as they use the real fox-scent, hounds' noses are not ruined as we who know nothing about a drag believed, and as I think we were entitled to believe from any experiences we may have had with what are called "painted" foxes. If anything is more calculated to ruin a pack of hounds it is this quite abominable practice in which the fancy out-works nature. The customary result is that the pack becomes absolutely mute when it has only just fox *et praterca nihil* in front of it. I am afraid that so many of us have gathered our impression of "draggers" from what James Pigg did to Pomponius Ego, on that historic occasion, when hounds went such a murderous burst on the aniseed that James expressed the pious hope that the man with the drag had not made it "ower strang." There are some places, of course, in which you cannot hunt a fox because he does not live there, and it is here that the drag packs come in and provide the next best thing to the real game.



SIR NELSON AND LADY RYCROFT WITH THE S. AND W. WILTS

On the S. and W. Wilts Hounds Pyt House day, near Shaftesbury. Sir Nelson Rycroft, who formerly was in both the 11th Hussars and the Rifle Brigade, succeeded his father, the late Sir Richard Rycroft, in 1925

★★★ Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old!



1

J. J. cellarman puts down cask and settles himself to sleep



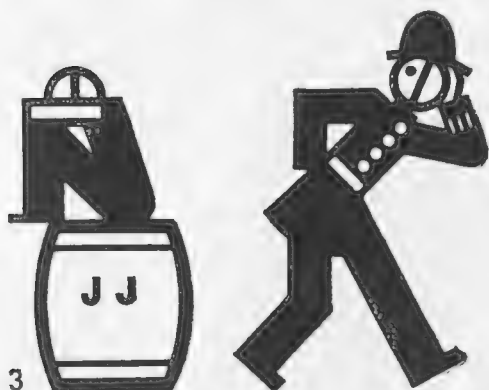
2

Three years later is reminded that, legally, the whiskey is now mature



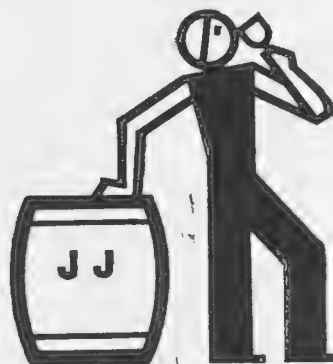
3

Remembers J. J. reputation and goes to sleep for another four years



4

Wakes again and tastes the whiskey now matured for seven years



5

Bottles it pure and unblended with any other spirit



6

Finds that the extra years for perfect smoothness have not by any means been wasted



John Jameson ★★★ whiskey

Many whiskies are said to be of great age.

But what does this mean?

Remember, it's the age of the youngest drop that counts.
Every drop of JJ has been at least seven years in cask.

TRULY a great age!

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

MR. JACKSON, the church-warden, was a chemist. The church was in need of new hymnals and Mr. Jackson offered to furnish the books provided that he could place an advertisement inside. After consideration the vicar and church members agreed to this offer, and in due course the books arrived.

The following Sunday the vicar announced:

"I have pleasure in presenting to you the new hymnals so generously furnished by Mr. Jackson. We should be doubly grateful to him, for after careful examination I find he has refrained from placing a circular advertisement in so sacred a book. We will now sing hymn 162, 'Hark! the angel voices sing, Jackson's pills are just the thing.'"

The husband and wife agreed on a budget plan. At the end of each month they would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item, "H.O.K. 15s.," and a little further on, "H.O.K. £3."

Finally he asked, "My dear, what is this H.O.K.?"

"Oh, Heaven Only Knows," she replied.

A man ordered soup in a restaurant, and after tasting the liquid put down before him he called the waitress. "What is wrong with this soup?" he asked, "it appears to be nothing but water."

"Well, sir," replied the girl, "that is what the chef calls young chicken soup."

"Young chicken," cried the diner; "but it doesn't taste anything like chicken! What does it mean?"

"That was the water the eggs were boiled in," explained the girl.

This is an American yarn. A man was arrested for assault and battery and charged before the judge.

"What is your name, your occupation, and what are you charged with?" asked the judge.

"My name is Sparks; I'm an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

"Officer, put this guy in a dry cell!" came the command.

A celebrated comedian devoted, gratis, some of his spare time to giving a concert to the patients of one of the City hospitals. The show was a great success, and afterwards the comedian was invited to join the staff at dinner. This he refused on the plea of work later that night. For the same reason he also declined drinks and cigars. "Look here," said the head medico, "you must absolutely have something with us, my dear chap. I say, have a leg off!"



"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLE-ROY," MISS ELSA LAN-CHES-TER

The old play was taken in a lightsome mood at the Gate Theatre last week, and almost was Fauntleroy avec song and dance; but "guyed" as it was it seemed to amuse

The following is rather an amusing Yorkshire story. A young wife, a Yorkshire girl, sought to please her husband by giving him some home-made bread for his breakfast. After he had gone to bed she set to work and made the dough, using equal quantities of flour and yeast. Some little time later her husband awoke on hearing a commotion down-stairs and called over the banisters, "What's the matter, lass?"

"It's t'bread!" wailed the unhappy wife.

"What's the matter with tha bread? Can't tha keep it in t'oven?"

"Keep it in t'oven? Eh, lad, I can't even keep it in t'kitchen!"

The shop assistant was surrounded by goods he had fetched down from high shelves.

"Are you sure you have really shown me everything you have in the shop?" asked the determined-looking shopper.

The assistant sighed. "Not quite," he muttered; "I have an outstanding account of yours if you care to look at it."

Two chaps were cleaning down adjacent flights of steps. "I ain't seen your ole man lately, Mrs. 'Arris," remarked one. "What's 'e been up to?"

"Oh, 'e's 'ad a seizure," was Mrs. Harris' reply.

"They're terrible things, them 'eart seizures, Mrs. 'Arris," said the first chap sympathetically.

"Oh, 'is wasn't an 'eart seizure, it was a police one."

It was a grey day at the end of October and the Scotsman, despite a search protracted long beyond the regulation five minutes, had to abandon his ball as lost. "Well," he said to his opponent, philosophically, "it's your match. It's too late in the season to be thinking of buying another ball this year."



FAUNTLE-ROY AND "DEAREST" (MISS PRUDENCE VANBRUGH)

The only two parts in this burlesqued revival of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" which really seem to get over are the two which are played nearest to the original straight version, those of Fauntleroy and his doting mamma

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THE ANGLO-SCOTS TEAM AT GALASHIELS

Walter Brydon

The team which beat the North and South of Scotland at the Rugby trial at Galashiels in the recent match. The names, left to right, are: Back—W. A. Druitt (Oxford University), A. C. Geddes (London Scottish), D. St. Clair Ford (United Services), W. B. Allan (Durham County), A. McLaren (Durham), and D. Marr (Cambridge University); in front—J. P. McArthur (Waterloo), J. E. Hutton (Harlequins), J. S. Smith (London Scottish), W. N. Roughead, captain (London Scottish), R. W. Langrish (London Scottish), H. D. Greenless (Leicester), J. G. Watherston (Cambridge University), —; D. C. Miller (Gloucester) was not present

NEXT Saturday, January 24, Scotland entertains France at Murrayfield. France has not yet won a match there, though ten years ago they triumphed at Inverleith, and a sore blow to Scottish pride that was. And ten years before that disaster France won her first International triumph by defeating Scotland in Paris. Altogether the record stands, Scotland ten wins, France four, and one draw in Paris.

The Scottish authorities, as is well known, profess to regard their annual game with France as a trial and not an International fixture. As nobody else takes that view it doesn't make any great difference, but some day, of course, the apparent injustice to France will be rectified, and Scotland will come into line with the other countries in this as in other respects, the numbering of players for instance. All things come to those who wait, even common sense.

The Scottish fifteen does not seem particularly formidable, though it will probably prove too strong for France. There is only one new-comer in the back division, A. W. Wilson of Dunfermline being at centre in place of G. P. S. MacPherson, the holder of twenty-two Scottish caps, including several appearances against France. Here in the south we know nothing of the Dunfermline man, but we do know a lot about "Mac." This is not the first time he has lost favour with the Scottish selectors, but he has always forced his way back into the side, and he may do so again. In any event there will be a good many thankful English hearts if he does not take the field against us on March 21.

The Scottish pack is probably quite a strong one, for it contains three Border forwards, and any Borderer who makes his way into the Scottish pack is *ipso facto* a very good man indeed. W. N. Roughead of the London Scottish captains the side, and is a valuable all-round forward. A. W. Walker of Cambridge University gets his first cap as was generally expected, but one or two other Light Blue forwards who were favourites with amateur selectors have to wait awhile.

Some of the Scots are getting a bit long in the tooth and must be nearly at the end of their Rugby careers. The same thing may be said of Ireland, in whose fifteen after another trial match we may see some changes after the catastrophe at Colombes. England's team is almost entirely composed of young men, though it is by no means certain that it is the best that could be put in the field. The Welsh selectors made a better job than usual in choosing their first side of the season, even though there was only one new cap in it. Honours have been so lavishly distributed in Wales during the last few years that Internationals are cheap; that means of course that their selectors have made sundry mistakes.

Having watched the English trial matches for more years than one cares to think about, I am definitely of

Rugby Ramblings

opinion that we have too many of them. It is also quite possible that we have too many selectors, but that is another matter. It would, I believe, be far better to revive the old North and South match which has a very great interest of its own, and let it take the place of the first trial. Let the teams be chosen by the northern and southern members of the selection committee, acting in two sections; after the match let them come together again for the purpose of the two remaining trials.

The result of this arrangement might be that not so many places would be wasted on the trial games as was the case this year. At Weston especially there were several people playing who could by no stretch of imagination be considered as serious candidates for the national side. Yet in a season when class wings are few and far between, men like R. W. Smeddle of Cambridge and W. H. Wood of the Royal Navy have not had a trial at all. And there are others.

Yet another Old Boy club will be with us next season. It has been decided that the Old Boys of Taunton shall run a side, and they are assured of plenty of support. So many Taunton boys belong to the West Country and do not

come to London at all that all the best players will certainly not be available.

The Old Boy movement has grown immensely during the last few years and is certainly doing the Rugby Union a lot of good. Old Boys are, of course, the staunchest of amateurs, as even the silly people who bleat about the danger of professionalism in London Rugby must soon realize. But the movement is having another result which is by no means so desirable. It makes it more difficult than ever for players to get out of the ruck, and also deprives the leading clubs of many promising recruits.

Mention of professionalism calls to mind a rather humorous incident at a certain club function not long ago. Everything was merry and bright, and popular players were being brought to their feet either to sing or make a few remarks. One of the stars of the back division, who had come to the town a few years before, elected to make a speech, and proceeded to express his gratitude for all that football had done for him. The club, he said, had found him a good job, and he reckoned he was doing very well, especially when he took into account his luck in finding money in his boots every Saturday. That, at least, is what he would have said, but before he could finish his sentence he was smothered by a terrified secretary and an outraged committee.

"LINE-OUT."



Lennon

HOW THEY DO IT IN NYASSALAND

Dust and not mud is the trouble in the country in which these enthusiasts carry on. They play without boots, as will be observed, and a hack on the shin is not therefore a particularly frequent injury

*"Why be vague?
Ask for Haig."*



Haig
• • WHISKY

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



AT THE O.U.D.S. BALL AT THE SAVOY

Mr. Bolton and Mrs. Bolton, who organized this ball, and Sir Simeon Stuart, who was one of the founders of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, and was himself at Magdalen. Afterwards he soldiered in the 5th D.G.'s and served in South Africa and in the European War

In Foreign Parts.

A NATIVE was suggesting to me the other day that one of the reasons why English motorists did not more often come for a tour in Portugal was because they were afraid of civil disturbances. At one time these were pretty frequent—five years ago I ran into a “revolution” in Lisbon that seemed to have been staged especially for my benefit. But practically ever since then things have been quiet, and, under the control of a wise military dictatorship, the country has attained an enviable state of peace and prosperity. Of course, now and again some joker thinks that he would like to be dictator for a change, and a plot is hatched, but invariably the police get wind of it and no one is seriously hurt. Last Sunday morning, however, I did think an insurrection had broken out, for there was the sound of many machine-guns. But they turned out to be the fireworks, to an almost unlimited number, which were being touched off by the partisans of the local football team in celebration of a notable victory. There is no doubt about the good work the present Government is doing. Lisbon is improved out of all knowledge, and is kept rigorously clean and tidy (it is a punishable offence for anyone to go about in bare feet nowadays), and the streets are smooth and well paved. In the country an immense amount of road development—I had almost written road reclamation—has taken place. My first impression was that even more had been done than is actually the case, having struck some exceptionally good highways. Since then, for my sins I have come across a few samples of the old kind. The truth is the Portuguese engineers have not quite got the hang of building macadam roads. Instead of cambering them, which is highly necessary with sandy stuff, they make them dead flat, or even sometimes concave, so that a single brisk shower of rain will make them a mass of puddles for days on end, and naturally it does not take long, after they have been re-made for

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

them to degenerate into mud and ruts. Formerly one used to pick one's precarious way along the less bumpy dry parts, and if one met another car it was simply a case of “who gets to the desired spot first!” But now the right-hand rule of the road applies everywhere, and so far as cars are concerned, it is quite frequently obeyed. Apparently the driver of oxen, the donkey rider, the pig drover, and the cyclist have only just heard of it. It's the same the 'ole world over. But traffic on Portuguese highways is so thin that these things hardly matter. In sixty miles the other afternoon I met but two motor-vehicles, by an extraordinary chance both British, an Austin Seven and an Albion lorry; the latter, I think, an Army vehicle.

One thing that these otherwise charming roads want—there is nothing of the straight, uninteresting by-pass about them—is a few more sign-posts. These are very perfunctory, and that makes it rather difficult occasionally, as one's route sometimes starts its career as a narrow dirty lane in a village—the sort of thing that looks as though it merely led to a farm midden. Portugal could certainly do with a Citroën or a Dunlop. It could also do with a S.C.A.P.A., for I cannot believe that anywhere in the world have the oil companies placed their chromo-enamelled placards with more brutal effect. They do not plaster the flanks of country roads with these things. But if there is some priceless bit of mediæval architecture you can be certain that it will be partially obscured by a screaming oil or gasoline advertisement erected slap-bang across the middle of it. But I suppose the oil companies can hardly be blamed for their vandalism seeing that the local powers-that-be will cheerfully use thirteenth-century stonework for supporting festoons of telephone and electric-power lines. One of the reasons why one misses sign-posts is that it is not easy to find one's way about without them. Place-names have to be pronounced with absolute exactitude (always a problem for an English tongue) otherwise the native has never heard of them. And it is a fact that sometimes the educated Portuguese cannot make the peasant understand what he wants in less than about four shots, for in certain localities they run very strongly to dialects. But apart from those, which are a fence no English tourist would attempt to jump, there are minute shades of stress in pronunciation which simply defeat one, roll one up horse, foot, and guns. An acquaintance asked me where we had been. I replied, in my best Portuguese (thank the Lord I learned a little Latin at

school) that we had made an enjoyable run to Constância. In spite of the fact that he lives quite close to Constância, he assumed so blank an expression that I might just as well have said Constantinople. As I seemed to have got him completely beat, I asked help of my hostess to extricate him. She said we had been to Constância. “Oh,” he cried, “Constância!” Now the name is clearly a simple one, and the general scheme of pronunciation is obvious. I would have taken my oath that I said it exactly the same
(Continued on p. viii)



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Your cab may be roughly divided into two parts—the body (A) and the chassis (B)

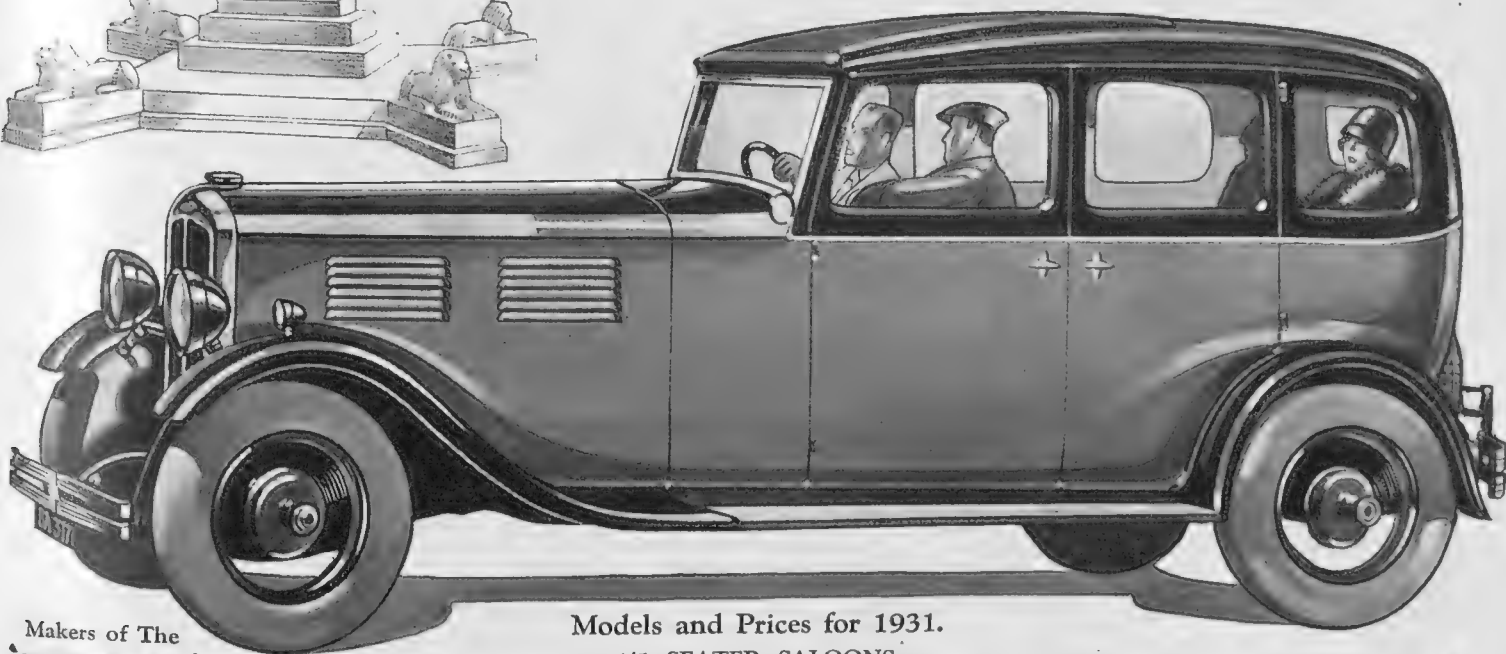
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THINGS SEEN : By Douglas Grant Duff Ainslie

I—THE CAT AND THE CHÉRIE

IN Paris one need not go to the play to be entertained. Judge a guaranteed fact.

At eight o'clock this very morning I was sipping my coffee in my sitting-room on the fifth floor, and gazing listlessly across the inner court of the fashionable Hôtel Lucrecia. All seemed still asleep.

Suddenly, a lovely girl in a pink silk dressing-jacket came to the window of her room on the floor above and nonchalantly opened it. I thanked my stars for the vision, which, however, quickly dissolved, as she retired into the dim spaces behind her white curtains. Her fair hair was elaborately waved.

A moment after, a young man, very well dressed in black, and wearing a gardenia in his button-hole, came to his window, parallel with that of the lady and distant from it about 11 ft. of smooth, glazed, yellow tiles. He, too, threw his window open and looked down about 60 ft. on the smooth, gravelled path below, surrounding a small plot of grass. He did not once glance in the direction of the lady's window, but stepped out, as I thought, into the void. Suicide! No, not yet, for one elegantly shod foot was accurately poised on a long, narrow ridge of masonry about 5 ft. below his window, somewhat like a shield without a coat-of-arms, while the polish on the patent leather of the other reflected the rays of the risen sun as it swung over the abyss. His left-hand rested on the window-ledge above. I was about 15 yards distant, and held my breath, prior to his plunge into eternity.

For such I judged at first to be his certain purpose. A cry, or even a movement, on my part might precipitate matters, so I was silent. I saw that he could not possibly get back into his room, and that he was only just able to keep his balance by leaning closely against the wall.

How long he remained in this position, I cannot say. It seemed to me some minutes, but was probably three or four seconds. Suddenly the swinging foot was placed on the leaden support of a small rain-pipe on the same level and about 3 ft. away, which I had not noticed, while the other dangled. The hand had now nothing to grasp. It was flat on the wall. His objective was now clear. He had two more steps to take, but this next was *upward*, and therefore the most dangerous. He knew this, and was very deliberate, measuring the distance over and over again with steady gaze. I closed my eyes, as at last he made a cat-like spring to a similar shield of grey stone beneath her window. Only a cat could have done it, and yet a man in love did do it. Here, too, there was room for just one foot, and now the other dangled. The second shield was placed by some architectural accident a little nearer the lady's window. Thus he was just able to grasp its outer ledge with his left hand and to pull his whole body up by means of it. A marvellous feat.

He plunged into the depths of her room and disappeared. I applauded and took up the receiver of the telephone. "Please cancel my seats for the Circus to-night. I've been to a *matinée*."

P.S.—"But" (you ask) "why by the window and not by her door?"

Ah! That is the first act. I am making enquiries as to the curtain on the last. Was it tragedy or comedy—or both?

II—THE KISS

NOT a thousand miles from Rome is an island celebrated in song and legend. Here once the Infernal Deities had their dwelling in the great volcano at its centre, and after many kings of many countries had ruled in this island, their place was taken by a Secret Society of evil men, which ruled in its turn and was called "The Mafia." They were more terrible than the volcano and the infernal gods, and folk were glad to pay them for leave to exist in peace.

But again is all changed on the triangular island, and a Prefect, more terrible than the volcano and "The Mafia," and even than the memory of the infernal gods, rules there absolutely; Mori, the Man of Iron, who obeys only the Man of Steel in Rome.

Van loads of miscreants belonging to "The Mafia" have been daily haled away to prison, together with their second cousins—so that there should be no mistake—and now a maiden may gather violets at the very spot in the classic vale where Proserpine was raped away to the underworld by Pluto, with far greater safety than the unfortunate daughter of Ceres.

Sometimes the Man of Iron relaxes the sternness of his life and entertains the elect of the chief city in the island. No guest invited is ever absent from these portentous revels, guarded with infinite care for the chosen, the Happy Few.

Once a Poet received an invitation, brought to him by one of Aphrodite's doves. Of course he went and enjoyed dancing on Etna's edge with a Princess.

When the music ceased, he beheld an Unknown, lovely, with diamonds in her dark hair, gazing intently upon him from a distance. A moment later she was at his side, and as the music began again, the Poet's arm again encircled the waist of the Princess. Suddenly, other arms were round his neck, and a passionate kiss burned his cheek.

The music stopped and there was a loud silence.

Then, with a smile to the Poet, and a look of defiance at the Prefect, the unknown and uninvited guest departed—by the grand staircase.

Instantly, all save the Poet and the Prefect, burst into speech. All said the same thing! "Who is she, this mistress of the Poet?" The Poet became at once the Don Juan of the Minute, and the Prefect petrified into the Statue of the Commander as he appears in the same Opera. News was whispered that the Unknown had been seized and carried away to Hades, and the Poet strove to intercede. But a voice said: "Desist."

What was her Fate? Ah! even her name will always be unknown, and her fate could not have been so bad as Proserpine's in the neighbouring vale of Etna, for Proserpine *had to kiss Pluto* in the underworld, whereas, as someone remarked, the Unknown had kissed the Poet whom she loved in the world above, and *had not been obliged to kiss the Prefect!*

III—THE CATARACT

REYER, the eminent French composer and conductor of last century, was a person of vast importance in his own and other's eyes.

Grave, and grandly top-hatted, frock-coated, and lemon-kid-gloved, after a triumphant visit to Brussels, he stood, on the return journey, at the door of the railway-carriage, as the train drew up at the Frontier Station.

The station-master, the Chief of the Customs, and a crowd of minor officials and on-lookers, were awaiting his passage. Advancing with the former to the carriage-door, the Chief of the Customs announced with many low bows that by order of the Minister of the Interior, the composer's baggage would not be examined for contraband.

Pleased at this unexpected tribute to his fame, and determined not to be behind-hand in politeness, Reyer returned the bows of the station-master and the Chief of the Customs and the crowd with a magnificent circular sweep of his tall hat, whence a cataract of the best Havana cigars fell suddenly upon the upturned faces of the astonished officials.

IV—GALATEA

THE Sculptor, Thomas Sargent, worked hard in his studio off the Euston Road. I often dropped in, when I could spare an hour from my post of secretary to the Astrological Association.

Sargent was always busy with a Galatea, when he could escape from the grim necessity of idealising defunct politicians or divines.

Galatea gave him as much trouble as she had given to his classical predecessor, but at last, after Sargent had played at marbles with all the great quarries in the world, she really did step off her pedestal alive, and almost at once inquired what was being worn.

The art critics, who had quite got into the way of coming to lunch and smile at Sargent's attempts to reach the classical ideal, for once in their lives were nonplussed. Claude Collins was the first to recover himself, as he viewed the living Galatea crowned with asphodels, reclining upon the classic couch.

"Very charming, my dear fellow, but forgive me for saying that there was just a little more finish about the ankles of the Parian original." Fortunately Claude Collins always mumbled so as to be almost incomprehensible to me, and quite so to Galatea, as I explained after I had kicked him downstairs. Galatea smiled, when she had been told that we poets and artists always did this when critics became absurd. The latter were quite accustomed to it. Mr. Collins, especially, had become like an india-rubber ball; he always popped up again just after. Sure enough, Collins tapped, as I spoke. She showed us her ankles; they were perfect, as was the rest of her body. I listened for the heart-beat. "Ah! there I am still marble; the sculptor said that part of me was quite up-to-date."

"And yet she is genuine marble," said Collins, adjusting his collar, after also listening. But the "treatment of the ankles"—I gave Collins one look. He remained silent, wisely.

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THE CAR WITH A TWO YEARS GUARANTEE

AT this season of the year there is one portion of the golfing community entitled to our deepest sympathy. All up and down the country since the beginning of December a number of devoted people have been sitting up late at night or getting up early in the morning—or both—in order to work out nasty sums in simple addition, division, and subtraction. They are not very difficult sums, even though a fraction occurs with some vulgarity now and again, but they are monotonous and, after wrestling with the formula a few hundred times it is easy enough to make a slip in 83 on a 76 par equals 7 over, and 84 on a 79 par equals 5 over and 84 on a 77 par—dash this woman, why does she play in so many open meetings—equals 7 over; 7 and 5 are 12 and 7 are 19, 3 into 19 goes 6 and 1 over, one over equals nothing—handicap 6. Not very difficult, as I have said, but sufficiently exasperating.

Now that is what all good handicap managers have done within the last few weeks for every member, with three scores to her credit, of every club for which she is responsible. A H. M. may have six clubs, or she may have fewer if any of the six are an outsize, like Royal Mid-Surrey. That is only a part of the business. She must acquire and keep in running order a sufficiently legible handwriting for club secretaries and players themselves to read their own names and, in that fair round hand she must copy out sheets of great length in due alphabetical order. (Nobody, till she has tried, knows how difficult it is to feel quite sure whether Brown comes before Bourn, or Wightman, before Wightfeld, or the other way round.)

That done she must do up a number of inconvenient packages, either in large envelopes which refuse to stick, or small wrappers which are liable to slip off, stamp them, and despatch them, having first copied them all out for her own reference. You might imagine that, after so much hard labour, the handicap manager would be able to sit back in her chair and attack all the inviting books which Christmas has brought her, or go out and play the game of golf herself. But she is lucky if she can do either. By the time the last sheet is despatched for players, or club secretaries responsible for players on the first sheets, will probably be writing, pointing out that when that 84 was returned at Little Mud Heap G.C. the scratch score was temporarily 78 instead of 79, under regulations 1,000 and 1,001, paras. X, Y, Z, that the said scratch score has now returned to 79 under regulations something else, and does this make any difference? Whereupon the H.M. ruins a nice new sheet of blotting-paper with working out the formula once more—and she has been so good about doing the sums only on half sheets of paper all through the rush—and consigns Little Mud Heap and all the scores thereof to the warmest place she can think of.



Miss Dorothy Pearson (left) and Miss Doris Chambers, who may both be relied on to do good service for Camberley Heath this year. Miss Chambers is doing it too as Hon. Treasurer of the L.G.U.

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

ments, which, in bulk, may make all the difference between a mere suit case, manageable by tube, and something only to be coped with by taxi.

And all this she does as an honorary worker, reimbursed out-of-pocket expenses in stamps and so forth, but not one penny the richer for all her toil. Is it any wonder that every official announcement of the Ladies' Golf Union tells of the resignation of so many handicap managers? At present they are replaced by other unsuspecting innocents who little know what lies before them. Most break down early; few plod on year after year like Mrs. Fox Russell, whose resignation took place in December, or Mrs. Plummer. To such as these the L.G.U. owes a very big debt of gratitude.

But the long and short of it is that the handicap management of the Ladies' Golf Union has now reached a magnitude which ought not to be attempted by voluntary labour. At the beginning of this month a move by the Union was made into new offices where there should be room for any number of card indexes, and a certain number of whole-time paid workers, who should be responsible for handicap management and nothing else.

Does somebody whisper that a card index, however good the clerk attached, is a soulless contrivance, and that they like to have a voluntary handicap manager to whom they can run with all their little troubles? What about the handicap managers? Do they not deserve release from toil, even if they have only been at it a short time? And would there not be infinite saving of time and anxiety if every player knew that she had to apply to a fixed office for her certificate rather than to a handicap manager who may, or may not, be at home at the moment? And would not the L.G.U. in the end find the centralization an infinitely more efficient and therefore cheaper method than the old one?

The year has ended with an excess of income over expenditure of £590, enough to risk the experiment on.

Meanwhile, may every golfer be urged to think kindly once again of her handicap manager.



The proper golfing spirit: Unless you remember which won when Miss Elsie Corlett (left) met Miss Mary Lake in the English Championship, this smiling snapshot will do nothing to help you

MILTON

CLEANS FALSE
TEETH



AND
THAT'S
NOT ALL

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



A Forecast of the Coming Fashions.

The modes that appear in the spring are the most interesting of all the year. They may be likened to the delicate green foliage and the dressmakers to Nature, for they have carefully guarded their offspring during the dreary days of winter. In the autumn there are seldom any absolute novelties; those of the previous months are developed—evolution ever goes on in the world of dress. Although the majority of the Paris openings do not take place until February,

Debenham and Freebody have been permitted an advance view of the collections, and are showing the cream of the same in their salons.

These smart hats bear the name of Tress; the shady hat is of felt, the one in the centre is of baku straw, and the one on the right of two shades of satin in several colour schemes. (See page ii.)

The Cowl and the Fish Wife.

The most striking features of the silhouette are the moulding of the hips, and the new flounce draperies usually arranged in two tiers in a manner reminiscent of the fish-wife's skirt. Then in the centre of the back, in the vicinity of the bend of the knees, a box-pleat or godet is introduced. This forms a miniature train, otherwise the hem of the skirt is even. The cowl effect is present in the front and back of the corsages. The cross-over is a revival that will be warmly welcomed by those who are not so slight as they could desire. Heavy satin, romaine, and lace all have their parts to play.

Bows on the Shoulders.

Now, turning from generalities to details, regarding the collection at Debenham and Freebody's a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that it is the original French models that they are showing; they may be purchased or they may be copied or adapted to suit the needs of the figure and the personality of the prospective wearer. The latter is the course I advocate. A Lucien Lelong model is expressed in very heavy black satin, the corsage slightly crosses, ties—but not too tightly; the shoulder straps are knotted in a cravat bow. The hips are moulded and then come soft draperies. Bruyère is responsible for a chef-d'œuvre expressed in La France rose-pink satin; tiny pleats are arranged in front of the corsage in star-fish formation, the shoulder straps are quite narrow, and there is a

fan-shaped godet train. The scheme is completed with an Eton coat, the elbow-sleeves enriched with dark fur; there are tucks over the shoulders; they are becoming and helpful.

Steel Embroidery.

It would be monotonous to reiterate the fact that skirts are moulded over the hips, therefore this must be taken for granted unless otherwise stated. An important feature of a black satin Miranda model is the steel embroidery on the corsage, in form it is reminiscent of a comet; then there is a very narrow hip yoke caught with a miniature bow, it is these novel notes that make the Spring fashions interesting. Lanvin's choice has alighted on geranium pink georgette for one of her models; from the

(Continued on p. ii)



This graceful wedding gown was designed and carried out by Vanité, 8, Sloane Street; it is expressed in white satin, the corsage is slightly draped and the hips moulded. (See page ii.)

This ensemble comes from Florida, 15, Harewood Place; the tweed is remarkably soft, and as a consequence is the ideal outfit for spring wear. (See page ii.)



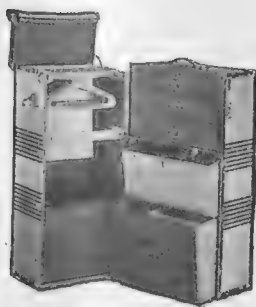


At last! a light Wardrobe Trunk

"**L** OVELY—but so heavy" you say of wardrobe luggage, without realising what Oshkosh offers. In the wide range of Oshkosh luggage are wardrobe cases so light and compact that you carry them with you suitcase-wise for the week-end visit. Wardrobe trunks weighing thirty to forty pounds less than usual. Lighter luggage than you dared to hope for, yet of true Oshkosh strength and quality

Sold at Harrods, Selfridges, Army & Navy Stores, The Revelation Suit Case Company, John Pound, Moss Bros. of Covent Garden, Aquasol, Whiteley's and other well-known West End shops. In Edinburgh—Cleghorn. In Glasgow—Forsyth's. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Oshkosh Trunks, write to Oshkosh, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London. Telephone Holborn 7082 (interesting booklet sent on request)

OSHKOSH TRUNKS



The matched trunks shown above are Nos 1105 steamer wardrobe, 529 all hanger motor wardrobe, 809 hat trunk, 100 steamer trunk, and 1830 hand wardrobe case. All of the light weight construction. This small picture is of No 1155 "Chief" Oshkosh, a light three-quarter size wardrobe covered with striped Oshkosh Duck to match the famous "Chief" series

Stuarts



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is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth disorders. It must be removed daily.

To whiten teeth... free them of dingy Film

Only Pepsodent is compounded solely to remove it

YOU who read this already brush your teeth. But that does not mean your teeth are film-free. Tooth pastes vary widely in effectiveness, as laboratory tests have shown. Many whose taste is pleasing or whose price is low fail in the chief task a dentifrice should perform. You must remove dangerous film from teeth.

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn clinging film. In it are the germs that may cause decay. Your protection lies in never failing to remove film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking. . . how many times have you noticed these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove dangerous film is with Pepsodent. That is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

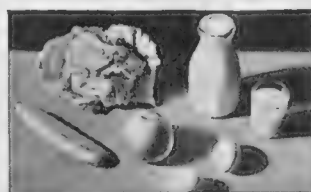
Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness. Get a tube from your chemist to-day.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

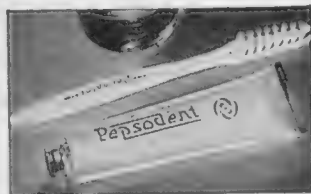
Sold in two sizes — 1/3 and 2/-
The latter size double quantity

2829

DO THESE 3 THINGS TO HAVE STRONG, HEALTHY TEETH



1 Include these in your daily diet: eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables; lemon with orange juice; milk.



2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

knees downwards the skirt is arranged in turret panels, the cowl influence being plainly discernible on the corsage. Patou adds a white romaine dress designed on classical lines; there is a novel version of the cross-over; every intelligent woman who sees it will realize that it is cut so cleverly that only an expert can successfully copy it—copied by Debenham and Freebody it is a work of art. By the way, a soft drapery that falls from the left shoulder balances the train.

* * *

A Double Fishwife's Skirt.

Maggy Rouff sponsors the double fishwife's skirt, as it will doubtless be called; it is present in a white romaine dress with narrow belt; there are gathers at the centre of the back, and a straight narrow panel in front from which tiny tucks radiate. Lelong has contributed to this collection a *chef d'œuvre*, which, after the hips are passed, takes unto itself the picture character; it is carried out in pale pink net camouflaged with narrow ruches of picot edged georgette studded with crystals; there is an Eton coat with flat epaulette shoulders.

* * *

For Brides and Bridesmaids.

Vanité, the well-known artist in dress—8, Sloane Street, S.W.—devotes much care and thought to the creation of brides' and bridesmaids' dresses. Her prices really are moderate for the latter; she makes simple affairs for 6½ guineas. To her must be given the credit of the wedding dress pictured on page 126, carried out in white satin. The corsage is slightly draped in front, the hips are moulded, and the remainder of the skirt falls in sculptured folds which are graceful and becoming. A feature is made in these salons of afternoon and evening dresses for women who are not as slight as they might wish. They are all endowed with individual touches that place them on a plane apart; they give to the figure the appearance of being well dressed.

* * *

"Service" Coats.

An inspiration on the part of Vanité is the introduction of "Service" Coats for wearing with evening or bridge dresses. They are made in a variety of materials, either to harmonize with, or in contrast with, the frock they accompany. In alliance with a black lace dress may be seen a coat of oyster pink georgette decorated with black braid. Another novelty is an écru lace jumper. It grips the hips, the sleeves are tight, pleats appear on the shoulders, and with this is seen a black pleated satin skirt. The skirt and jumper are 8½ guineas. For lunch or bridge wear it is a perfect outfit. The scheme should be completed with a black satin béret and a fur or fur-trimmed coat.

* * *

The Diaphragm Belt.

If there is one thing more than another that women really dislike it is to have a mountainous

figure. It robs them of all pretensions to smartness. Therefore they will accord an enthusiastic welcome to Florida's (15, Harewood Place, Hanover Square, W.) diaphragm belt. It has been specially built to prevent the protrusion of the diaphragm. It achieves this without discomfort, and as it supports it has a beneficial effect on the internal organs; too much cannot be said in its favour. The

day model of silk milanese is 25s. 6d., and the evening of embroidered net 27s. 6d. Florida is likewise making a feature of tweed ensembles. The one pictured on p. 126 consists of a coat and frock, the former is 3½ and the latter 5½; should both garments be acquired the price is reduced to 8½ guineas. A fur collar may be added if desired for which there would be an extra charge. By the way, the tweed cap, which is moulded to the head, is £2 2s.

* * *

Between-seasons Prices.

As usual Bradleys (Chepstow Place, W.) are making special between-seasons prices of some of their advance models. Among them is the tailored suit pictured on this page. Made for individual clients it is 9½ guineas in tweed or Saxony suiting. As will be seen the skirt is slightly flared; the collar is white with step revers. Furthermore there are smart redingotes, or as they are sometimes called coat-frocks, in fantastic grillage with overlay to rever, and lining of apron of white crêpe de chine for the same price, and then there are others in green romano. This is the cost too of tailored suits designed on mannish lines, the skirts are pleated at one side and the coats are lined with silk. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that these prices definitely end on February 28. All interested in the subject must write for the catalogue, as pleasant prices are the order of the day in every department; as a matter of fact unprecedented value is offered.

* * *

Tress Hats.

Smart and becoming are the Tress hats, there is something to suit every type of face. There are the large shady models that women are buying for Colombo and the West Indies; they are expressed in the newest of straws as well as in Neova and other braids. These up-to-the-minute hats are sold by all milliners of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application should be made to Tress, Stamford Street, London, who are the makers of well-known men's hats which bear their name. Not only does this firm excel in hats for in and out of town wear, but in veritable triumphs that are suitable for the fashionable functions throughout the season. Illustrated on p. 126 is a cap-béret expressed in beige and brown satin ribbon; note the attractive manner in which the bow caresses the column of the throat. This *chef d'œuvre* is available in many other colour schemes. The cap-béret in the centre of the group is of soft black baku, the black and white quills which rest on the crown give it an indelible cachet. There is a wealth of choice to explore in variations on these themes; they look nothing in the hand, but when adjusted at the correct angle they are really fascinating.



A SPRING TAILORED SUIT

Designed and carried out by Bradley's, Chepstow Place. It can be made in tweeds and Saxony suitings for 9½ guineas. Mid-season prices prevail in these salons until February 28

AT LAST! accuracy

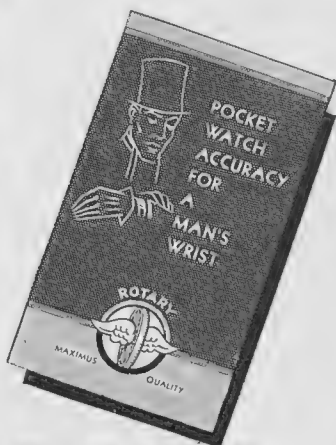
MEANS WHAT IT SAYS...

● Till now, you will say, a claim for accuracy in a wrist watch has never meant very much. Quite so! But the Rotary Maximus has wrought a revolution. Startling new design and ingenious patents have given accuracy a new significance. Pocket watch accuracy in a wrist watch for men! Why, the idea is astonishing. Yes... and the Rotary Maximus is as trim and fashionable as ever a watch could be. Curved to fit the wrist snugly. Made in every modern style in both Silver and Gold. See the Rotary Maximus at your jeweller's.

● The three watches illustrated are priced at £4:15:0, Sterling Silver; £8:8:0, 9-Carat Gold; £11:11:0, 18-Carat Gold.

● WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

describing the Rotary Maximus principle and giving particulars of the various models. The name of your nearest jeweller carrying Rotary Maximus watches will also be sent on request. Moise Dreyfuss, Moorgate Station Chambers, London, E.C.2.



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WRISTLET SIZE—POCKET WATCH ACCURACY

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ELECTRA (below).

A splendidly cut Tailor Suit designed in Saxony Suiting. Coat is made with a full basque from a slightly fitting waist, and is lined silk.

MADE TO ORDER

10 gns.

A small extra charge is made for outsizes.



MODEL C237 (above).

A new note is expressed in this becoming Gown, fashioned in two contrasting shades of Crêpe Romana. In all black, saxe/navy, coral/brown.

MADE TO ORDER

11 gns.

Can also be copied in fancy and plain materials combined. Estimates will be given upon request.



Bradleys
Chepstow Place^L
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS THERESA HAWES

Who is engaged to Mr. Frederick Fitzjohn Oldham, the only son of the late Sir Ernest Fitzjohn Oldham and of Lady Oldham, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes

Grace Hill, which is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster; and Mr. Eric R. St. A. Davies and Miss Lisette Chaloner Beamish have fixed the 28th for their marriage at St. Mary's Church, Dunmow, Essex.

Abroad.

Mr. John Charles Rushbrooke, the Rifle Brigade, who is the third son of the late Captain and Mrs. W. H. Rushbrooke, and Miss Elizabeth Frances Fitzpatrick, the only daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, have not announced the exact

A Spring Wedding.

Mr. Ian F. L. Elliot, the younger son of Colonel W. H. W. Elliot, D.S.O., and Miss Madeline Maclachlan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan W. Maclachlan of Buenos Aires, are being married early in April in Buenos Aires.

Next Month.

On February 10. Captain Geoffrey Sergeant, the Hampshire Regiment, marries Miss Betty Royds, and the wedding will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; on the same day there is the wedding between Mr. John Ariel Hedger Hill and Miss Sheila



MR. AND MRS. R. P. FREEMAN-TAYLOR

Photographed after their marriage on January 7. Mr. R. P. Freeman-Taylor, who is in the Norfolk Regiment, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman-Taylor, and his wife was formerly Miss Nadine Williamson, the only child of Mrs. Scarisbrick of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire

date of their wedding, but it takes place shortly in Kenya.

Recent Engagements.

Dr. D. T. Ronald Morris, M.B., B.S. (London), of the Hammersmith Hospital, and Miss Mary Bowen Davies, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bowen Davies of Manordilo, Carmarthen-shire; Mr. Reginald Eustace Hunter-Blair of Watgodd Estate, Ceylon, the youngest son of Major R. S. Hunter-Blair and Mrs. Hunter-Blair of Broomhouse, Duns, Berwickshire, and Miss Margot Abercromby M'Leod, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. M'Leod of Alston, Plympton St. Mary, South Devon; Dr. Lionel Kenneth Watson, the youngest son of the late Captain E. Y. Watson, Indian Army, and Mrs. Watson of Preston Park, Brighton, and Miss Margaret Phyllis Clark, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin Clark of Ardmore, Watford, Herts; Mr. Francis Cronin, 3rd Batt. Royal Tank Corps, the younger son of Mr. Dominick Cronin and Mrs. Cronin of Fort Villa, Queenstown, and Miss Kathleen Dinan, the younger daughter of Mr. John Dinan and Mrs. Dinan of Knockeven, co. Cork.



MRS. DEREK BIRCH

Who was married in December to Mr. Derek Birch, the young actor son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Birch. Mrs. Derek Birch is the daughter of the late Mr. E. R. Bouchier and Mrs. Bouchier, and was formerly on the stage

The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight



"Dine by 'Nell Gwynn' Candle says Fashion"

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are most Acceptable Gifts

As gifts "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. They are inexpensive, the smallest size costing only 9d. per box of two candles. Now there is a special new Gift Box containing four 14-in. Candles with four flat Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box, costing only 5/-, makes an ideal Prize for Bridge Parties and Competitions.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of other Days," to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W., London, S.E. 1. Established 1642 in the Reign of Charles I.

Aldwych

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their Dining-tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight. Candlelight is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining-table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed and not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

For Decoration too

The slim elegant shapes of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the sideboard and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours and 10 different varieties.



Nursing time is Benger time

Nursing mothers who take Benger's regularly during this period go through the strain of nursing without undue fatigue, and the child benefits from the enriched natural milk.

BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.

Benger's Booklet, post free, contains a concise guide to the rearing of Infants.
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

PERMANENT RELIEF for VARICOSE VEINS

Insist on the World-Famous
"Academic" Reg.
RUBBERLESS STOCKING
Medically Approved
Legs always Slim and Shapely
The patented heel is most effective, and ensures strong support. The heel never curls, always retains its position, and consequently there is no discomfort or damage to silk hose.
COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC, WASHABLE & INVISIBLE
under the finest silk hose.
DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET FREE.

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Coats ready to wear from 6 guineas.
Suits to measure from 8 guineas.
Hats to match, 2 guineas.

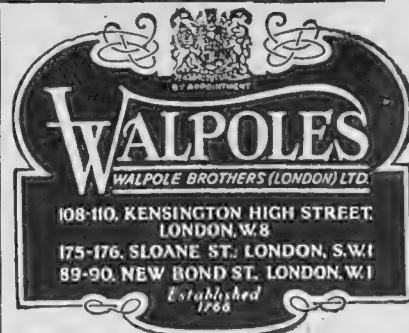
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ready to wear or to measure, from
3½ guineas.



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PRICE **27/9**

Post free in British Isles.

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SALE BOOK
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From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 92)

the pack, and it was a miracle indeed that all but poor "Waitress" escaped being cut to pieces.

The arrangements made for hunting the Southwold country next season are precisely the same as this: but that grand old veteran of the 'chase, Mr. Preston Rawnsley, who, although bordering upon the octogenarian stage, is still "a rum 'un to follow and a bad 'un to beat," suggests that, in order to improve the fox supply, the Master should personally go round the country in the summer time, as *he* did when commencing his reign as M.F.H. half a century ago. He started by killing eighteen brace, but finished with fifty-eight! It will be remembered that Mr. Rawnsley carried the Southwold horn for forty seasons.

From the Blackmore Vale

Hounds met at Cross Keys, Lydford, the last Tuesday before the frost, and a huge field turned out. 'Cause the "horse-box" visitor did not like her own horse, did she really think she'd get her two quid back? It was a disappointing day; no foxes where they were most wanted. Lytes Cary did hold, but the customer was soon to ground at Babcary.

The after-the-ball meet was Wilkinthorpe, and a big push-and-jostle crowd had a hunt of 2½ hours, with a six-mile point. Templecombe Woods to beyond Rimpton, an unusual country for Saturdays, but the going on the downs was a treat, and it was a great hound hunt, much appreciated, though there always will be those with a "withybed" complex; when they die the word will surely be found engraved upon their hearts, and "Yarcombe" stamped on the reverse side!

Another day hounds crossed the River Stour and a brave soldier charged it full tilt, plunging in headlong they swam to the far bank, and with a struggle were out and away after the pack. Unluckily hounds marked to ground within a few fields, which was poor reward for a gallant effort. The last time it was attempted horse and rider ignominiously came out on opposite banks.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT HELIOPOLIS RACES

A snapshot taken during H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's recent tour, the principal object of which was to represent H.M. the King at the coronation of H.M. Ras Tafari, King of Abyssinia. Heliopolis is that pleasant little oasis just outside Cairo. Next to H.R.H. is Lieut.-Colonel Vivian Lockett, commanding the 17/21 Lancers

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your sympathy and help for Lottie, who is crippled in hands and feet with arthritis, and has to care for her aged parents, both of whom are incurable invalids. Her mother is bed-ridden with paralysis and heart trouble, and her father can only get about a little as he has acute rheumatism and is only just recovering from a severe nervous collapse. He used to keep a little shop until business and his health both became so bad that he could carry on no longer. The three live together rent free in two rooms provided for them by a married son, but he has children of his own and can do no more, so they only have the old couple's Old Age Pensions to live on, £1 a week. They pay a nurse 2s. weekly to come and attend to the mother. It is pathetic to see Lottie trying her hardest to cope with the cooking and washing, and we want to help her by giving her a small allowance of 5s. a week, anyhow, for the next six months. Please do help us to collect the necessary £6.

We are asked to appeal for assistance for the Harrow Hospital which, originating in a cottage is now being transformed, in consequence of the urgent demands of a fast-growing district, into one of the most advanced therapeutical centres of the country. It will have an additional operating theatre planned on the lines of to-morrow, with a strong north light and a clever device to enable the surgeon to see exactly what he is doing by the aid of X-ray photographs showing the affected parts from all angles. Those who would like to help in this splendid work should send donations to the Secretary, The Harrow Hospital.

Finnigan's establishment in Old Bond Street is being completely metamorphosed and extended and when completed it will be a most palatial building. The site in years gone by was occupied by two celebrated jewellers, Streeter and London and Ryde, and in Clifford Street by Steven's Hotel, facing the equally well-known Long's Hotel.

FOR THE GENTLEWOMAN

MAYFLOWA

SHOES

A CHOICE 3 HOLE TIE

Made in Black Lizard and Box Calf, Zulu Lizard and Zulu Calf, Nightingale Lizard and Sea Calf. **25/9**

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82, REGENT STREET (Opp. Piccadilly Hotel)
131, QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER

255, OXFORD STREET (Next to Jay's)
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Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

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Men's & Women's
Weatherproofs
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A LITTLE ABOVE OR
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LADIES' O'COATS

Tweed; as sketch, and other
D.B. and S.B. models.
Usual Price 9 to 12 Gns.

SALE PRICE **5** Gns.

SALE LIST
detailing
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"The Tatler"

LADIES' D.B. O'COATS

Tailored from fine Weather-
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Usual Price SALE **5 1/2** Gns.
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Choice Saxonomies & Cheviots.

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Weatheralls and Urbitors;
Proofed Tweeds.

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—the World's Best Weatherproof—as sketch,
MEN'S or WOMEN'S, in Burberry Gabardine
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YEARS AGO
THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE IT
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Also
MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.
Not quite as old
but almost as good

Established
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CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, Leith,
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Through its use you can
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and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Visiting Tangier, Palma (Mal-
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Port Said (for Cairo), Jaffa (for
Jerusalem), Larnaka (Cyprus),
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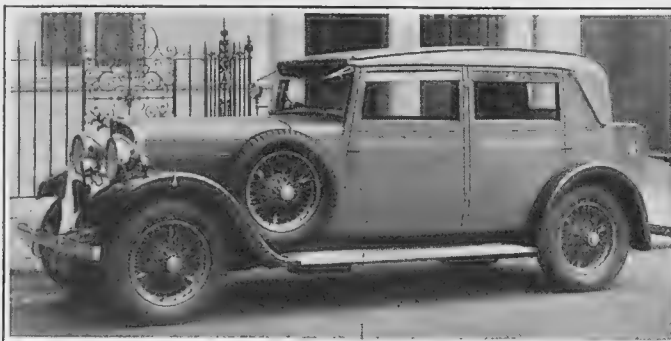
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PETROL VAPOUR—(continued from p. 120)

as did the Portuguese. But no, somehow or other I had made a tiny bloomer, and that was enough to render it unintelligible. That is curious, for I am certain that in our country a Frenchman would not be misled if he were to ask for Volver-ompton or Lie-cester, and I can answer for it that a Scotsman has put me on the right way when I ignorantly asked for Milne-gavvy. But that sort of thing is the curse of Latin countries. The languages have been so loosely talked and so corrupt that few can appreciate the correct rendition, which is of course an edifice built by the estimable Hugo or Berlitz upon the foundation laid in the modern side of the British public school. It is heartbreaking to prepare and rehearse a jolly little remark only to find it, when hesitatingly delivered, greeted with a respectful silence. But, believe me, it is a dam-sight worse, when, floundering about in the unknown, and clutching at any straw that will help one to come to *terra firma*, one unhappily pitches upon an inflection that makes an innocent little word into a perfect firework. In a country less marvelous in its hospitality and less vivacious in its humour, that which I unwittingly said at the dinner-table would have been my lasting disgrace. As it was, a large and distinguished company (barring Mrs. P. V. and myself, that is) gave one yell of laughter and collapsed into various attitudes of paroxysm. I was afterwards enlightened as to my crime, and, by gosh, I had dropped a foundation stone. The "Mudir's Cranes" with a vengeance. But if they had justly laughed at me, I could have a quiet chuckle at them by way of retaliation. For on Christmas morn I saw a modest hunting party set forth. There were four men, three boys, two guns, and ten dogs. "Proper pack," you bet, for they were all different (in colour and size, and ranged from a quasi-Alsatian to a quasi-fox terrier). Seeing that they were scouring a plain that would hardly give cover to a field-mouse, and that the boys and the dogs were always a good hundred yards ahead of the guns (and bearing in mind the manner in which they had forgiven me) I could only conclude that they were a nation of sportsmen—as indeed they are.



THE "75" TALBOT SPORTS CAR

Which is being driven by Commander W. T. Townend, R.N., in the Monte Carlo Rally

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Our illustration herewith is of the "75" Talbot Sports Car, which is being driven by Commander W. T. Townend, R.N., in the Monte Carlo Rally, the car having been supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd. It is completely finished in green, the chassis and wings being in a darker shade than the body, radiator shutters, and wheels. Many ingenious alterations and fittings have been incorporated in this body to the order of Commander Townend, among which are: Specially constructed front seat with centre arm rest and loose down cushions; at the back of the seat is a receptacle for canteen outfit and cocktail flask, folding tables forming the lids to the receptacles; the seat is adjustable both for leg-room and rake.

S. F. Edge created a wonderful car when he built the A.C. Acedes. His studies in the use of aluminium and other alloys to improve power-weight ratio went very far. It was generally regretted that his company closed down some months ago, and, until recently, no hope was entertained of the Acedes continuing to bring pleasure to its admirers. Now, however, through the influence of public opinion the Acedes is once again in production. It is an interesting story. Shortly after the War, a motor engineer of considerable experience, Wm. Hurlock, Junr., whose business, established many years before the War in South London, began specializing in commercial vehicles

and spare parts for all kinds of motor vehicles. This business rapidly prospered and considerable resources were accumulated. Mr. Hurlock by chance came in touch with the auctioneers who were disposing of the machinery and effects of the A.C. Company. He realized that for some years to come A.C. owners would still want spares; so he purchased the Thames Ditton Works, complete with its large stock of unassembled parts, and the whole of the then remaining assets of the company, which included all the necessary special machine tools, patterns, jigs, and tools, etc., and the freehold premises which comprise about two acres of buildings. His aim was originally to provide service where otherwise none would have existed.

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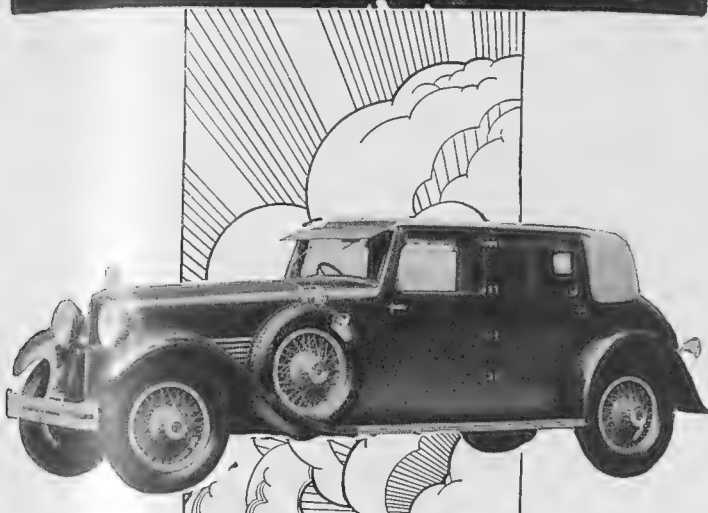
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

With the turn of the year our thoughts turn to the spring shows. Soon Crufts will be upon us and the show season begun in earnest. It is always an occasion to us of the L.K.A. as it is the date of the Annual General Meeting, with its announcing of the elections to the Executive Committee. Will any member wishing to have any motion placed on the agenda for the General Meeting send the same to Mrs. Trelawny? The meeting is always held on the morning of the second day, February 12. It is difficult to find a time to suit everyone at a busy show, but on the whole the morning suits most people. I am making my annual appeal to members to show their interest in their Association, both by voting for the committee and by attending the General Meeting. It is flattering to the committee to know that the members are satisfied with things as they are, but it is far more heartening when they show their interest, both by attending and by voting. The committee are most anxious to hear the opinions of any members, and it is earnestly hoped members will make a point of attending the meeting.



Thos. Fall
RED EMBLEM OF LI MOON
The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

I have had several answers to my request for particulars of house-trained dogs. Mrs. O'Brien writes she has two Alsations for sale, dog and bitch, both a year old, over distemper, perfectly house-trained, good temperaments, and quiet with other dogs. Mrs. O'Brien would like them to go to good country homes. The photograph given is of the dog puppy. Many dog-lovers have neither the time nor the conveniences to train dogs, and are glad to get them "ready-made," so to speak. These two dogs have both been shown and won. Mrs. O'Brien also has four puppies, four months old, for sale, by Champion Cuno of Louvencourt.



DELIAN OF NONINGTON
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

Mrs. Sanderson is one of those who keep the ever popular fox terrier's flag flying in Scotland. As she lives near Inverness she finds it difficult to attend many shows. She has some youngsters for sale at most reasonable prices, especially a nice wire dog, trained to the house, and some young bitches. These dogs are all well-bred and will make first-class pals. In this connection the fox terrier requires no "boosting"; everyone knows he cannot be surpassed as a companion.

All letters to MISS BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Alsations have passed through rather a stormy time, but they have now settled down and they are recognized for what they are, one of the most intelligent of the canine race with gifts as companions second to none. The frequency with which one sees them about testifies to this.

The other house-trained dogs I have heard of are of a different type. Miss Curtis has two young Griffon ladies she wishes to part with to good homes. She says "they are both house-trained, very smart, lovely heads, hard coats, fearless, and real good pals, moderate prices to really good homes, too small to breed from, sold as pets only." She sends a photograph of one. The Griffon makes a delightful companion, being very intelligent and hardy.

Lady Faudel-Phillips has never swerved since childhood in her allegiance to the chow, and many are the winners turned out by her famous kennel. She has had a particularly successful year, winning 129 firsts, 72 seconds, 26 thirds, 9 championships, and 10 reserve championships. She has some very good puppies for sale, including two really good red bitches and several older ones that have reared litters. This is a chance for anyone, as Lady Faudel-Phillips has had the strain for many generations. The photograph is of Red Emblem of Li Moon, winner of 15 first prizes, 19 seconds, and 19 thirds at 17 shows, also Reserve Champion at Brighton in 1930.



Ralph Roberts
GRIFFON
The property of Miss Curtis



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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1930

| LIABILITIES | | |
|--|--------------|-------------|
| Paid-up Capital | £ | 14,248,012 |
| Reserve Fund | | 14,248,012 |
| Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) ... | £397,477,229 | |
| Balances due to Affiliated Companies | 3,973,406 | 401,450,635 |
| Acceptances & Confirmed Credits ... | | 16,271,676 |
| Engagements | | 9,038,516 |
| ASSETS | | |
| Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England | | 47,219,369 |
| Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks ... | | 15,119,408 |
| Money at Call & Short Notice | | 21,716,360 |
| Investments at or under Market Value ... | | 38,671,575 |
| Bills Discounted | | 83,922,558 |
| Advances to Customers & other Accounts ... | | 203,582,971 |
| Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. :— | | |
| Loans on behalf of Clients | | 87,196 |
| Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. :—Government of Northern Ireland Guaranteed Loans Account | | 1,800,000 |
| Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements | | 25,310,192 |
| Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches ... | | 8,978,290 |
| Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business... .. | | 1,568,301 |
| Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of | | |
| Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. | | 1,497,962 |
| The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. | | 2,992,542 |
| North of Scotland Bank Ltd. | | 2,407,748 |
| Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.... | | 382,379 |

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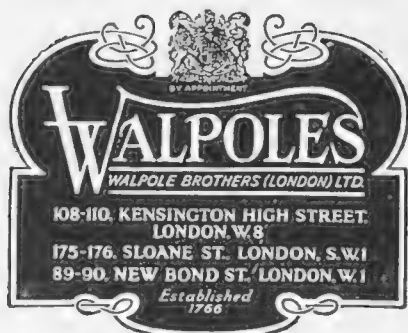
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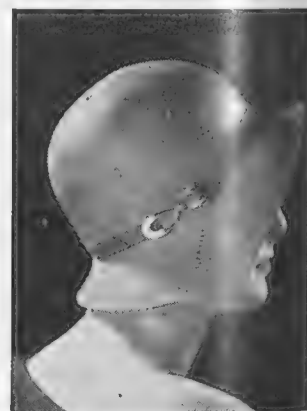
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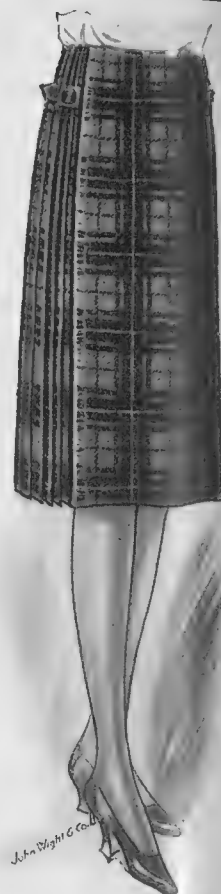
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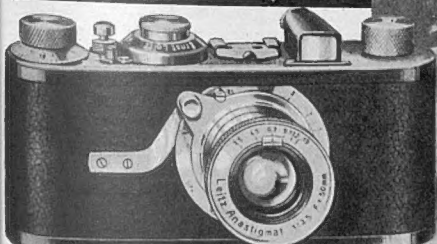
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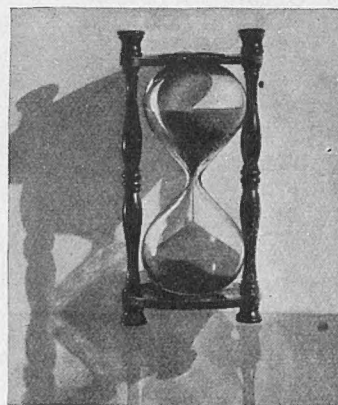


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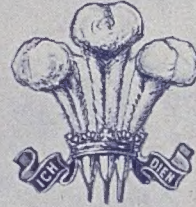
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